

Marine

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Summary: It just takes a few short hours to change a person's life forever. Kim and Ron learn this the hard way when a botched mission leaves Ron and Shego stranded in the 26th century, and Kim and the Wolfpack to rescue him and foil GJ's plans.  
KP/Halo/AirwolfAU

## 1. PDVIs and Rejunvinators

**\*\*Disclaimers\*\***: Kim Possible and all related characters and concepts belong to Disney until such time as someone works up the cash to buy the franchise from them (good luck with that). The plot, and all original characters belong to me, any copying or distribution of this story or versions of it for profit without the author's knowledge and consent is punishable by law.

**\*\*Note\*\***: In the Kim Possible time-line this takes place after \_Gorilla Fist\_, but before the \_So the Drama\_ movie.

**\*\*Note #2\*\***: The selection of main characters for this story has nothing to do with romantic pairings, and everything to do with character development, so don't just throw this story away because of whom the main characters might be.

\* \* \*

><strong>Middleton High School, Middleton, CO, 12:35 P.M., April 16, 2005<strong>

"Hey Wade, what's the 'sitch?" a young, red haired, green eyed, female about 20 years of age, and standing 5'9" tall said to a rotund dark-skinned boy about 13 years old whose image currently dominated the monitor of the computer in her locker.

"\_Kim I got a fix on where Dr. Drakken and Shego are held up"\_ Wade said with an unusual amount of cheeriness.

"Wade" she drew out the pronunciation of his name in a questioning tone, "Why are you so excited?" she asked with a slight amount of worry. Whenever Wade was happy in situations like this, it was usually because he had some new gadget he wanted her or Ron to test.

"\_What, I can't just be happy to see my two best friends?" \_he said in a tone that clearly said he was hiding something.

"Wade the last time you used that voice was when you had us test that exploding chewing gum" a young male that was standing off to Kim's left said in a voice that sounded like a cross between Michael Shanks and Pete Parsons. He was the same age as Kim, 6'2" tall, and had blonde hair, light brown eyes, a slight muscular build, and some freckles that were barley visible on his face.

"\_Hey it only happened once, and the dentist was able to put everything back in place you know"\_ he responded like he just apologized for the millionth time.

"Ron does have a point Wade, you do have a tendency to surprise us with stuff on missions" Kim said putting the books she was carrying in her locker.

"\_Alright, alright, you got me"\_ he said putting his hands up, "\_I do have something for you to test, but luckily this one won't explode if you start chewing on it."\_

\_ Oh, thank God\_ Kim and Ron both thought simultaneously, a look of relief plastered on their faces.

"\_It's actually a new set of mission clothes."\_

"Uh, Wade?" Kim asked, "Not that I'm not grateful, but what's wrong with the mission clothes we have now?"

"\_Perhaps calling it a set of clothes was a tad inaccurate"\_ he said pulling up a blueprint of a jumpsuit on the monitor, "\_Remember a few months back when I said that I was developing a set of Battle Suits for Team Possible?"\_

"Yeah, I remember. Wait are you saying they're done?!" Ron exclaimed.

"\_Well yours is at least, I was hoping this mission could be a test run to get the bugs out. Sorry Kim, but I'm still building yours."\_

"That's all right Wade" Kim said hiding her disappointment with one her signature 'no big' gestures. \_I wish he had built mine first, but Ron has stepped up quite a bit in the last few months, and physically he has filled out quite nicely since that rejuvenator incident a few days ago . . . NO, stop right there Kim. This is Ron, your best friend since Pre-K, you can't be thinking about him like that. Just focus now something else and ignore your body's hormones. "\_Wade Drakken and Shego wouldn't happen to have the rejuvenator with them, would they?"

"\_Indeed they would Kim, and they're also in possession of the

Pan-Dimensional Vortex Inducer. You know, what we were initially sent to retrieve?"\_ Wade said gesticulating with his hand.

"Right, get the Pan-Dimensional Vortex Inducer, gotcha" Kim said hurriedly. To be honest all she was thinking about getting was the rejuvenator, which three days prior, they had been hit by during a botched mission to retrieve the PDVI. The mission itself had been a trap engineered by Drakken for the purpose of 'taking Team Possible out of commission'. Evidently he planned to use the rejuvenator to turn Kim and Ron into toddlers, but instead of setting the machine to 2.0 he set it to 20. turning Kim, Ron, and Shego, who had been caught in the wideband beam, into 20 year olds.

Ron shot Kim a concerned glance, \_Hey I wanna be 17 again too Kim, but I'm not going to do anything rash, and neither should you . . . Maybe if she wasn't so concerned about the 'food chain' so much, she wouldn't be so gung-ho about this mission.\_

"So Wade who's our ride?" Kim asked effectively cutting off Ron's internal monologue.

"\_I've set you up with Santini Air (1), they should be arriving at the school any minute, and they will have your new suit with them Ron."\_

"Thanks, Wade" Ron said simply, "Kim, I know you wanna get us back to our original ages, but you can't do anything rash here. For all we know it could be another trap, and Drakken may very well succeed this time, so we can't take any chances until we know what's going on. OK?" he opined as she was closing her locker.

Kim stared at him for a few seconds, blinking several times, before saying in a questioning tone, "OK, first of all I'm not \_that\_ hellbent on being 17 again, I can deal with Bonnie calling me an old hag for the rest of high school." Ron gave her a look that said that he wasn't convinced, "Second, of course I know it could be a trap, but whatever Drakken's planning to do with the PDVI we can't let him succeed at it. Third of all . . . "

Ron chose that time to cut in, "Kim I know that we can't let Drakken succeed, that's a given, but it doesn't mean that we can't be smart about it, and \_not\_ go charging into a potentially deadly situation half-cocked."

For the second time that day Kim's eyes bulged out of their sockets as she stared at Ron. Realizing how sudden all of this might seem to her, Ron decided to try and find some way to stop her from checking him for mind-control chips. "I just don't want you to get hurt KP" he said with a slight apologetic tone. \_Oh yeah! Score one for the Ron-man, dodged a bullet there\_ he thought to himself after seeing her expression soften.

\_ Oh, that's so sweet. Even when I'm being a total ass he's thinking of my safety. I still don't know how he got so tactical, but I guess he could just be trying to improve himself, he has been doing a lot of that lately . . . \_Kim thought to herself, her heart starting to beat a little faster.

Kim opened her mouth to continue talking, when the sound of rotor blades cutting through the air broke the relative silence of the hall.

"Guess our ride's here" Ron said with one of his trademark goofy grins, while starting to jog off to where the chopper was landing.

\_ Right, save the world time \_Kim thought to herself as she started to sprint after Ron.

\* \* \*

><strong>Drakken's lair, that same time<strong>

"Shego are you listening?" a blue-skinned man about 5'11" tall, with jet black hair styled in a ponytail, wearing a navy-blue lab coat and scrubs, with black lab gloves said to a raven haired, mint-green skinned woman who was wearing a harlequin patterned green and black jumpsuit, and currently laying across a black chair reading a copy of\_"The Fall of Reach\_."

"What?" she said in a surprised tone briefly putting the book down, "What's going on?"

"Nnnnnn" Drakken noised though gritted teeth, "You weren't listening at all were you?" he whined.

"Sure I was" she said in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"Then what was I saying?"

"You were, uhmmm" she stammered not wanting Drakken to start bloviating about his plan in one of his rants. "You were going to use the Pan-Dimensional Vortex Inducer that we stole to create an interdimensional teleporter so you could go to a universe where you conquered the world, and convince your AU self to give you the power to take over this one" she guessed putting on a fake smile.

"Hmm, I guess you were listening" he shrugged and walked back to his worktable.

Shego's mouth dropped slightly, and she blinked several times at his statement. She had not been listening at all, and had in fact gotten the idea from a fanfiction she had read on the internet. \_He's lost it, he's finally lost it\_ she thought to herself as she marked her page, and got off the chair, standing to her full 5'10" height. "Whatever Dr. D" she said halfheartedly, "I'll be in my quarters, and I don't want to be disturbed" she yelled over her shoulder.

As Shego walked down the hall though the lair, she started reflecting on the things that had happened in her life. \_Why am I here?\_ She asked herself for the millionth time \_I mean, I could work anybody I want Dementor, SSS, ExOps (2). Hell, even the IDF or Mossaad would be ecstatic to have me onboard, but instead I'm stuck working for Doctor frick'en Drakken. I can't believe I agreed to that stupid 3-year contract.\_

"What am I going to do?" she said leaning back against the wall, and letting her head slam back into the metal. "What are you looking at?" she yelled at one of the anonymous minions roaming the hall. As the red and black jumpsuited minion started to run away, not wanting to incur the green skinned woman's wrath, she hit him in the ass with one of her plasma blasts, causing him to clutch his bottom and run even faster.

"Idiot" she scuffed as she continued her walk back to her room.

\* \* \*

>"<em>Aurora you can't continue to lash out at your family and friends like this" Pastor Jonathan Hampton said to younger Shego.<em>

"\_Why shouldn't I lash out?! Why shouldn't I be angry?! They wouldn't believe me! They're supposed to keep this city safe!" she screamed at the brown haired middle-aged man. \_

"\_Aurora you can't just attack people on-site, you have to wait until the law takes its course. I implore you to just have patience" he said his expression getting more and more worried.\_

\_ Shego's face dropped, "You're on his side. You're all on his side!" she screamed as she turned and blotted out of the office.\_

"\_Aurora. Aurora!" the Pastor yelled down the hall at Shego's retreating form.\_

Shego winced at the memory. The words of her old Pastor were coming back hard these days, and know matter how hard she tried she couldn't shake the feeling that it was all for a reason. "Probably just nerves" she said shaking her head as she opened the door to her quarters, closing it behind her as she entered.

It was a small room about 10' by 10' with one twin bed, one closet with one jumpsuit and two sets of casual cloths in it, one bathroom with a sink, a toilet, and a small 3' by 3' shower. The rest of the room was just as Spartan, except for the medium-sized SDTV, an X-Box that sat on the same small table at the far end of the room, a few folding gamer chairs, and a desk that she used for paperwork. Shego always kept most of her adult belongings in her 'off-base' home in Colorado Springs (3). Most of her possessions from childhood were still in her family's home in Texas. "I wonder if she cleared out my old room" Shego mused silently to herself as she sat down on the bed. She hadn't exactly left on good terms with her family, and the fact that she became a villain afterwards probably didn't help things much either. "Ugh. Why can't I think normally for once?" she said, her head dropping back onto the bed. Shego suddenly blotted upright as an evil grin spread across her face. "Lookout boys, 'cause the Jadefirecat (4) has come to play" she said leaping from her bed, turning on the X-Box, picking up the controller, putting on the headset, and jumping onto one of the gaming chairs, all in one fluid movement. \_These n00bs should keep me occupied for a while\_ she thought her predatory grin growing bigger as she did.

\* \* \*

><strong>An hour later in the skies above Northern Colorado<strong>

"Thanks for the ride Mister Santini" Kim said from the back seat of the red, white, and blue Jet Ranger.

"It's the least I could do Miss Possible after you helped us take down that wacko who was terrorizing those refugees" Dominic Santini

said from the pilot's seat.

"It was no big. That guy sooo had it coming" she said with a wave of her hand.

"You too, Ronald" Dominic said as Ron was finishing up loading supplies into his backpack and the various pockets on his suit, "If you hadn't taken out that SA-2 battery we'd never had gotten off the ground. This ride may be for Kimberly, but we still owe you a favor, feel free to call it in anytime, anywhere, for anything" he said with a smile.

Both Kim and Ron's jaws dropped slightly at what Dominic had said. Kim had received tons of favors from various people over the course of her lifetime, but never had anyone offered to do a favor for Ron, and certainly not one with such broad reaching implications.

"Uh, thank you" was the only thing Ron could say.

"Don't mention it Ronald"

No one ever gave me a 'blank check' before Kim pouted to herself before her face resumed its normal state, but if anyone deserves it, it's Ron.

"Hey Kim" Ron said turning his head to her, "I really don't think I'm going to be using this. I mean . . . "

Kim chose that moment to cut him off, "Ron stop it. I know you don't like taking credit for the stuff you do on missions, but this is big. You deserve this, and I won't let you just throw it away because you're too humble for your own good. So just shut up, and keep the damn favor. All right?" Ron nodded. "All right good" she said taking a deep breath, and relaxing herself, her face becoming the picture of serenity.

You know there's not a creature on this planet more beautiful then you right now Kim. Too bad I can't ever tell you that he thought as he gazed longingly at her for a few seconds before going back to packing his backpack.

Ah, to be young and in love again Dominic Santini thought to himself.

\* \* \*

><strong>30 minutes later in Drakken's lair<strong>

That wasn't so hard Ron thought to himself as he hid the unconscious form of the last of Drakken's goons. Ron had been sulking around in Drakken's lair for the better of part of 20 minutes. He and Kim had decided to split up and meet in the control room to foil Drakken's plans, Kim because she was sneaking through the HVAC system, Ron mostly because he was carrying about 90 lbs. of gear, Thank you God for strength enhancing nano-motors Ron thought to himself as continued on with the last 50 feet of corridor.

Rrraaaagghh, I wish this chip wasn't being so difficult Drakken thought to himself as he continued to work on a computer chip with

his nano-spot welder. "I mean it shouldn't be that difficult to . . . to . . . to" the words died on his lips as he looked at the highly reflective surface of a nearby toaster (5). "SHEGO WE HAVE INTRUDERS!" he screamed as he hit the nearby intruder alarm button.

\_ Damn! Well no point in sneaking around now\_ Ron thought to himself as he barged out into the light.

"What? Who? Where?" Shogo said angrily as she came plowing through a side-door into the main lab. At that point in time Shogo didn't think that she could get any angrier, not only did she have to put her favorite game on pause just as she was about to kill Tartarus for the 3rd time on Legendary, but now she had to deal with Kim Possible and Ron Stoppable. She didn't have anything personal against Stoppable, his pet, or Nerdlinger, fighting them was part of the job, but the Princess was a different story. Shogo wasn't sure what it was, but just the mere thought of Possible set her heart racing. There were an extremely few number of people who Shogo had genuinely wanted to kill, and Possible was one of those people. Her perkiness, her 'I can do anything' attitude, everything about the red headed cheerleader seemed to set the green woman off. Shogo knew that in many ways she was just projecting from earlier experiences, but that still didn't help anything. Her thoughts about hurting the Princess died the moment she laid eyes on who was in the middle of the Room.

\_ Stoppable, Ron Stoppable. So it's Ronnie who's here first. Good, I've been waiting to fight you Ronald Dean Stoppable, lets see if you really are the 'killer app' I've been waiting for\_ Shogo thought as she leapt toward him, \_I hope all that gear your wearing doesn't slow you down, though I seriously don't think it will with that powered armor you're wearing\_. A few short months ago she would have scoffed at the idea of 'the Buffoon' being a serious challenge for her, but after the lair was blown up for the 97th time she began to wonder how that kept happening when she had the Princess all tied up in combat. Eventually after wading through hours of security tapes that survived the destruction of Drakken's lairs thanks to her convincing him that he should arrange the self-destruct charges so that they \_didn't\_ lose the only way they had of finding out what they did wrong, she found out why their plans kept failing. Every time they were distracted by Possible and her fancy moves, they completely ignored Stoppable and his pet mole rat sabotaging their doomsday weapons, soundly defeating minions, and generally just racking up millions in damages. At first she couldn't believe it, his movements were so random, everything he was doing must have just been by accident, no not random accidents, controlled chaos. After the 3rd hour of watching Stoppable fight she changed her appraisal of him again, \_He's playing the fool, but why? He one of the best fighters I've ever seen, yet he still hangs around with an a-hole like Possible, why?\_ Shogo asked herself. After the 4th hour she found her answer, \_He loves her. That's the only explanation for him doing what he does. Damn, and she doesn't realize any of this, how dense is she?\_ At that point, she vowed that she would never underestimate Ronald Dean Stoppable ever again.

Her introspection was cut short however by Drakken's voice, "Oh never mind Shogo it's just the buffoon, but keep a lookout Kim Possible she's bound to be around somewhere if the buffoon's here."

As if on cue one of the vents on the side of the room burst open

revealing the form of none other than Kimberly Anne Possible, "Like in your wall Drakken" she said not even bothering to hide the amusement in her voice.

"Kim Possible!?" Drakken said in a surprised tone, "Shego get her!"

"Sorry Dr. D, not falling for that again" Shego said simply.

"What?!" Ron, Kim, and Drakken all said at the same time.

"You heard me, I ain't falling for it anymore" Shego said before lighting her hands and launching herself at Ron.

Kim was stunned to say the least, not only did someone consider Ron a greater threat than her, but that someone was Shego, her greatest rival, she always went after her, always! No time for self-pity Kim, while Shego's distracted you can take down Drakken\_ the irony of the situation didn't even occur to her at that point, so engrossed was she in her task.

Meanwhile Ron was having a devil of a time fending off Shego, "So I'm honestly curious, why did you decide to go after me?" he said blocking another one of her kicks.

"Why Ronnie? All right I'll tell you" she said narrowly dodging one of his punches. Her eyes grew wide as his fist smashed a crater in the wall, "A certain part of it was that I honestly was getting bored fighting Princess. I mean how many times can you fight the same person, with the same moves, all the time, before you get bored of it. Trust me on this, fighting Pumpkin all the time gets really old, really quick. Don't get me wrong I still have that lingering desire to knock her into a transmission tower." Ron's eyes narrowed and she paused briefly to duck under one of Ron's roundhouse kicks that went sailing over her and into one of the pillars in the room, the powerful muscle enhanced kick easily blasting away a good foot of the flimsily fabricated concrete. Shego took this opportunity to deliver her own roundhouse kick that swept him off his feet, and sent him into the air, but before he hit the ground his eyes briefly flashed blue, and his hands shot out to the ground, he then used his momentum to go into a backhand spring launching himself back into the air, flipping several times before finally sticking the landing 12ft away.

At this point everyone in the room was staring at Ron with their mouths on the floor. "Besides" Shego continued, "Look at you! Look at what you just did! You're probably one of the best fighters on the planet, yet you hang around with some cocky buffoon like Possible, what's with that?"

Kim's jaw went slack, not only was Shego passing her up to fight Ron, not only was Ron winning against Shego, not only had her best friend suddenly turned into a super soldier, not only was she starting to get attracted to said best friend, and not only did someone give Ron a 'blank check' favor, but now she was being called a buffoon, this was just too much, there was only so much she could take in the span of a few hours. "I mean, is your love for her that great, that you're willing to sacrifice your future for her?" Kim's mind went blank as Shego continued, "I mean you're no saint, but the stuff she does to



you sometimes is just unacceptable. You could be one of the greatest military minds of our generation, yet you hang around with a brick like Kimme just so you can keep her on the straight and narrow. You're a real paragon. You know that?" Kim's mind started to start back up again \_Love . . . military . . . unacceptable . . . Ron?\_

Now if Ron had taken the time to study his English the previous night he'd have known what a paragon was, but at the moment he just assumed it was an insult, "SHUT UP YOU BITCH!" he screamed at the top of his lungs before leaping into the air and bringing his fist down like a hammer on the spot where Shego was standing just a few seconds ago.

\_ My God Ron, what's going on here?\_ Kim thought to herself before she turned her head to her right, "Hey you! Stop!" she yelled at Drakken's retreating form. In her haste to run after him however, she inadvertently activated one of Drakken's devices. As she was running into the hallways she thought to herself, \_Ron stay safe\_ right before turning her head around and seeing a sight that caused her to stop dead in her tracks

Back in the lab Shego had finally begun to throw plasma bolts at Ron. Instead of dodging though he used the suit's nano-tech to form his hand into something akin to the end of a lacrosse stick (6). He then used his hand to catch one her plasma shots, amplify it, and then throw it back at her. Shego dodged at the last second. However, the plasma continued on to hit the wall, the resulting explosion caused a premature detonation of several of the self-destruct charges in the room.

Kim watched in horror as debris from the top of the lab started to fall. Several large chunks of concrete fell onto the spot where Ron and Shego were fighting, but before they did Kim saw Ron and Shego be enveloped by a bright field of blue-white light (7) and disappear.

Kim stared at the ruined lab, the explosions had blown huge holes in the roof, and sunlight was pouring through the openings and the dust onto the massive scene of destruction beneath them. Kim continued to stare at the lab before her with wide eyes for several more minutes only stopping to cough, \_Ron . . . where did you go? If what Shego said was true . . . oh god Ron!\_

Kim's morning however was cut short by the voice coming from a round hovercraft above her, "Kim Possible, you think you're all that, but you're not!" Drakken whined before flying off into the distance.

Kim stared at where the hovercraft had been just a few seconds before, when a four-tone sound emanated from the device in her pant's pocket. "Go Wade" she said, tears flowing from her eyes.

"Kim what's wrong? I lost my connection with Ron's tracking chip, and . . . what happened to Ron? Where is he?" Wade said starting to panic.

"I don't know Wade. Ron was fighting Shego, and there were explosions, and the lab was coming down, and then this big flash of light, and . . . Ron's gone! Just gone!" Kim said as her voice trailed off into sobs.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, back up. Now slowly and clearly tell what happened" Kim quickly told him the events that had transpired, "Alright it doesn't seem like they're dead, and I'll go right to work on what happened. I also had a GJ hoverjet inbound. They'll be there any second to pick you up, just stay calm, all right?" Kim nodded, "All right, good. I'll check in on you in an hour, stay safe"

"You too, Wade" Kim said before pocketing the Kimmunicator. Sure enough by the time Kim had run out to the entrance a GJ hoverjet was landing, and out came the pompous figure of William Du. \_Figures he'd be the one to pick me up with the day I've been having\_ Kim thought to herself as she approached him.

"Miss Possible have you apprehended Doctor Drakken?" he asked in a condescending tone.

"No, I don't have Drakken, he escaped" Kim was getting very annoyed with the Asian male.

"If you don't have Dr. Drakken then I must be leaving for my next assignment" Will said turning back to the jet.

"Wait where are you going? I need GJ's help" Kim said suddenly realizing that Du was only there to pick up Drakken.

"Elaborate Possible" Du said in a condescending tone. Kim quickly related the story of what happened in the lab starting with her chasing after Drakken, "Hmm, so you allowed your personal feelings for the late Mr. Stoppable to interfere with your mission, and the process let a dangerous criminal escape. You also seem to have developed a sort of psychosis causing you to imagine Stoppable and Shego 'disappearing' moments before they were crushed. The only bright side to all this is that the 'buffoon' and Shego are well and truly dead."

Kim stared at him with disbelieving eyes, not only was criticizing her handling of a mission, not only did he attribute what she saw to her being crazy, not only did he call Ron a buffoon, but now he was calling Ron's assumed death a 'good thing'! \_There's no way he's that much of an ass, there's no way\_ she thought to herself, "Why would Ron's death be a 'good thing'?"

"As hard as it is for an amateur like you to comprehend Miss Possible, Stoppable was a threat to global security, his buffoonery could have eventually killed us all, and the only time he was even remotely competent was when he was evil, supposedly turned that way by a device known as the 'attitudinator'" he said making air quote signs with his hands, "Besides GJ has been looking to take 'the Ron factor' out of the equation for some time, but we were hindered by American national security agencies. Shego was just a blight upon humanity, and she will be mourned by no-one" Du said his 'holier than God' tone permeating every word.

At that point Kim said the only thing she could say after that, "YOU MONSTER!" she screamed before attempting to drop kick him, Du however fired his 'stopwatch' first, and Kim was sent into unconsciousness as soon as the suction cups from the watch hit her.

"Dr. Director" Du said into his earpiece in a nondescript tone, "My

attempt to pick up Dr. Drakken was unsuccessful" he listened to his earpiece for a few seconds before continuing, "When I arrived on the scene Miss Possible made several illogical statements evident of some form of psychosis before attempting to attack me" he listened for a few more seconds before saying simply, "Yes Ma'am" before turning and getting in the jet.

\* \* \*

>(1) Santini Air is part of the Airwolf franchise, and thus belongs to Donald P. Bellisario (I don't own it). I originally wasn't going to include the Wolfpack in this story, but then I decided to put them in, but only as a cameo. Eventually it snowballed into them having major roles in the story, I won't give everything away right now (since I'm basically making this up as I go along), but suffice to say we'll be seeing a lot more of the Wolfpack. <p>(2) ExOps part of the Mercenaries franchise and is the sole property of Pandemic Studios and Bioware (or whatever the hell they're calling themselves now).<p>

(3) This is a reference to most of the characters in Stargate SG-1 living in, or having a home in Colorado Springs.

(4) Props have to go to Gray Cardinal for thinking up Shego's gamertag in his fantastic \_Sitch in Slash \_series, if for whatever reason he doesn't want me to use this 'tag for Shego then I will gladly change it.

(5) This is a reference to a \_very\_ cool scene in Battlestar Galactica season one.

(6) Note: I know there's a more accurate term to describe this, but I don't remember the name, and lacrosse was what first came to mind when I saw it.

(7) This is not only a reference to the Chronosphere from Red Alert, but also to the effect I use to describe Neo American teleporters in my Nexus Wars stories.

A/N: Well this chapter was a lot longer then expected, but it needed to be done in order to set up the scenario in which our heroes will be thrown into the HaloVerse. I will try to get the next chapter out soon, but it does take me awhile to make these, so no promises. Please review since I get a lot of my ideas from the reviews of the consumer (that's you). Well until next time . . .

Sic Semper Tyrannus

Ita Dicimus Omnes

Carry on.

## 2. Rescues, Airwolf, and Helljumpers

Disclaimer: I do not own the Kim Possible, Halo, or Airwolf franchises, they all belong to their perspective owners . Any reproduction of the plot and any original characters is illegal, and punishable by law . Some of the powers demonstrated by Shego in this chapter were originally featured in \_Osama's Last Stand \_by

fireand'chutes777 , and I encourage everyone to read his stories. The characters Jason & Isabel (Shego's parents) are property of StarvingLunatic and are used with her permission (thanks SL). It's also worth noting that I use the Halo 3 models for everything in the Haloverse unless specifically stated otherwise. When your done reading please leave me a review, since they are a \_huge\_ influence on how I write. Also if there are any artists reading, feel free to make some of your work based off this series, it would be a great honor (and a huge help) on my part. So without further bloviating sit back, pull up a music playlist, and enjoy the second chapter of \_Marine\_. (Posted 12/26/2007)

Edit: All right in my first draft I didn't thank all the people who reviewed so thank you **\*\*CajunBear73\*\***, **\*\*Joe Stoppinghem\*\***, **\*\*ScareGlow\*\***, and **\*\*Chris Redfield-General Chaos\*\***. I may do this for fun, but you're the guys that make me get off my butt and write. Thank you. (Edited 12/28/2007)

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Northen Colorado, outside Drakken's lair, 3:58 P.M. April 16, 2005<strong>

". . . Kimberly, Kimberly wake up"

"Wha . . . what happened?" Kim asked, gradually starting to clear away the fog her head was in, "Mr. Santini? What are you doing here?" Kim said as she opened her eyes and bought her back off the ground.

"Easy now kid, you got a pretty big shock to your system there" said a brown haired male about 38 years of age who Kim recognized as Stringfellow Hawke.

"It's no big, I've taken a lot worse" she said picking herself of the ground, for the first time that day Kim actually took stock of her surroundings as she looked around the clearing. The first thing she noticed was Mr. Santini, Mr. Hawke, or more specifically what they were wearing, they were both wearing matching gray and black flightsuits with what appeared to be a patch showing winged wolf wearing a sheep skin on their shoulders. The second thing she noticed was that the medium-sized clearing she was in was now dominated by the form a jet-black Bell 222, this shocked Kim because the only other time she had seen that chopper was a couple of months before when she had helped Mr. Santini assist those refugees. It didn't take long at that point for her to put two and two together. "Mr. Hawke, Mr. Santini, that chopper is yours'?" she exclaimed both surprise and disgust evident in her voice.

"Yeah, The Lady belongs to us. Is there some kind of problem with that Kimberly?" Dominic said politely even though it was clearly evident that he was very defensive about his aircraft.

"Is there a problem with that?!" she said in a slightly surprised tone, "If that chopper's yours then that means . . . then that means that you were the ones that killed those men. They were running away, and you killed them. You . . ."

"We had to do it Kim" String cut in, "If we hadn't killed them right then and there then they would have just gone off to terrorize

someone else. Now you probably don't know this with the people you're used to fighting, but people like that don't have any compunctions about hurting both you and your family in the most horrible ways possible. If we hadn't killed them there then we would have just had to kill them later, and a lot more people would have gotten hurt due to our inaction. Do you understand what I'm saying and why?" he stated with conviction.

Kim thought it over for a moment. Just a few hours ago she would have said he was crazy and turned them into the police, but now . . . "I understand, you had to do what you did, and you did the right thing in my opinion" Kim said calmly, "But that still doesn't answer my question of why you're here."

Dominic was slightly taken aback by Kim's sudden change of heart, but decided to answer her question anyways, "Wade called us after you didn't check in. He told us what happened in the lab, and we said that we'd help in anyway possible. So we flew up here and found you knocked out in the clearing I dropped you off in, so here we are" Dom said with just a hint of curiosity in his voice, "Now I could ask you the very same question, What happened to you?"

"Well I guess you could say that I just learned the hard way that you can't judge a book by it's cover" Kim said crossing her arms.

"How so?" String asked even though he had a pretty good idea what happened. Kim quickly related to him every detail of what happened after she had called Wade. "We expected as much" String said simply.

"What do you mean?" Kim asked in a curious tone.

"After you missed your check-in Wade called Global Justice looking for answers."

"They put him on hold, so he hacked their communications grid to cut though all the red tape" Dom cut in.

"But when he did he found a recording of a conversation between the GJ director and one of her agents. The agent said that you gone insane and attempted to attack him" String continued.

"I wish you really had been able to hit him, just to shut that arrogant little blowhard up at least" Dom said shaking his fist.

Kim smiled at Mr. Santini's outburst, "Thanks for the vote of confidence you two. Um . . ." she said shuffling her feet, "I know you guys came here to rescue me, but could you please help me look for clues in what's left of Drakken's lair?"

"Sure Kimberly. We actually were going to do that anyways" Dom said as they started to walk though the tree line to Drakken's lair. "Hey can I ask you something?" he inquired suddenly.

"Sure shoot" Kim said nonchalantly.

"Who calls themselves Doctor Drakken? It sounds like something out of an old 50s sci-fi show."

"Drew Theodore P. Lipsky does" she answered humorously.

"Huh, he probably made the right decision then" Kim chuckled at his statement. She was already starting to feel at ease around the two pilots, even though she knew almost nothing about them. \_Hmm, going to have to fix that\_ she thought to herself as they reached the entrance to Drakken's lair.

\* \* \*

><p>"Oh boy" Dominic said as he viewed the ruined lab, "What did you say caused this?"<p>

"Well if I had to guess I'd say that a few of the self-destruct charges prematurely detonated when Ron threw Shego's plasma blast back at her" Kim said as she started to climb over the rubble to where Drakken's workshop used to be. "And before you ask" she continued, "Drakken's so cheap that he probably sprung for the cheapest explosive available, even if it was highly unstable."

"Hey Kim, what are we supposed to be looking for anyways?" String said as Kim started to lift away the debris covering Drakken's worktable.

"Anything that might give us a clue to as to what happened to Ron" Kim answered.

"Oh, like a security camera recording?" he said pointing at a security camera that was dangling off it's hinges on the wall.

"That would work" Kim said before pulling herself out from under the ruined worktable holding what looked like a children's toy.

"What do you have there?" Dominic questioned upon seeing the device.

"The rejunvinator" Kim answered simply before activating the device and being struck by a glowing beam of energy, when the beam subsided she was a few inches shorter, slightly smaller, and her clothes were looser.

"Let me get this straight" Dom said after the shock of what had happened had worn off, "This guy tries to take over the world almost every other week with huge and overly complicated 'doomsday devices', when he could just sell copies of that thing and own half the planet legally?!"

"Yep, that pretty much sums it up" Kim humorously stated before she heard Mr. Santini mutter something about crazy people (1). "Anyway" she continued, "We better find the control room for those cameras, no telling what's on them."

\* \* \*

><p>"<em>Oh no. Guys this is bad"<em> Wade said from on of the screens in security room 20 minutes later.

"Define bad, Wade" String said looking down at the screen.

"\_According to this recording from a few hours ago the machine Ron

and Shogo got hit with was designed to send people to other universes"\_ he said looking down at his own computer.

"In English Wade" Kim said from her chair across from the screen.

"\_Kim, Drakken was going to use that machine to contact himself in a universe where he taken over the world, and convince his AU self to help him take over this world"\_ Wade said looking up from his computer.

"But wouldn't the other Drakken just try to take over this world himself, and leave ours out in the cold?" Dominic cut in.

"\_Well Drakken isn't exactly known for his common sense"\_ he opined with a smile.

"Wade is there \_anything\_ more we can do here" Kim asked in a slightly pleading voice.

"\_Honestly no, Kim. My advice to you would be to go back home and get some rest. I'll keep working on these recordings and let you know if I find anything, but there's a lot to sift through so it might be awhile"\_ seeing Kim's face drop he added, \_"Don't worry you can come back soon to continue to search for clues"\_ upon hearing this Kim allowed herself a small smile.

"Don't worry about that Wade" String said, "We have a contact that be happy to sort though this mess."

"Can they be trusted?" Kim asked a hint of worry in her voice.

"He's no friend of Global Justice's that's for sure" Kim nodded at the statement, "And yeah I'm he can be trusted" String added.

"\_OK that's good"\_ Wade said with more then a little relief in his voice, \_"At least that way Kim can still go about her day and not get on GJ's radar, while I continue to work on a way to get Ron back."\_

"Thanks Wade" Kim said allowing just hint of happiness to seep back into voice.

"\_Anytime Kim"\_ he stated before cutting the connection.

"Hey Kim we better get going ourselves then" Dominic said putting a hand on Kim's shoulder.

"Yeah. Yeah we better get going" she said getting up from her chair.

\* \* \*

><p>"Don't worry Kim we'll get him back" String said as they climbed into the chopper a short time later.<p>

"I know we will Mr. Hawke" Kim said resolutely as she put on her helmet, "We have to" Mr. Hawke nodded at her statement as the helicopter started to lift off. "Hey" Kim asked suddenly, "What do you call this thing anyways?"

"Airwolf" String answered before thumbing a button on the stick that sent Kim into the back of her seat as Airwolf suddenly accelerated at a fantastic rate.

\_ Ron wherever you are please stay safe\_ Kim thought to herself as the chopper continued to accelerate, \_We still have a lot to talk about when you come back.\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>1334 hours, June 25, 2549 (Military Calendar) Gamma Eridanus system, approximately 25 kilometers outside Hellion Fields, planet Atlanta III. Currently under siege by Covenant forces.\*\*

"Oh this is just eff-ing great!" Corporal Adrian Locklear screamed after diving over the nearby embankment that the rest of his squad had taken cover behind. "Fuck!" he cursed when he noticed that the counter on his BR55HB-SR had hit zero, "Anyone got a spare clip?"

"Here" one of his fellow Helljumpers - Private First Class Joseph Hosky - said as he threw Locklear a clip of the 9.5mm ammo that his gun used.

\_ Damn\_ Locklear thought to himself after seeing that the counter only came to 21 after he had jammed the new clip in, \_Oh well better then nothing\_ he thought to himself as he popped his head back over the embankment and begun firing again.

"This is insane!" one of his teammates - Private Jonathan Carrington - shouted, "Where's our air support?!"

"Pinned down by those AAA-Wraith most likely" the squad's sniper - Corporal Kale West - said calmly.

"OH SHIT!" Carrington yelled as he saw a one of the Wraith in the distance turn and begin to fire plasma mortars at their position.

Time seemed to slow down for Adrian as he saw the bright blue ball of energy slowly begin to arc towards him and his squad. He quickly turned his head and rapidly took stock of his surroundings like he'd been trained to, \_Pinned down by plasma fire from those Grunts, Jackals, and Elite, area's too open past this ditch so we'll be gunned down if we try to retreat.\_ Adrian turned his head to check on his teammates - Sargent Deborah Corly, Private Jon Carrington, Corporal Kale West, PFC Joseph Hosky, and himself - \_five against eight not the best odds ever, but . . . Crap!\_ he thought as he saw Carrington catch a full burst of plasma from the Elite's rifle in the face, \_Alright 2-1 odds aren't that bad, but with those . . .\_ his train of thought was interrupted when a plasma mortar detonated 200 meters behind him, then 190m, then 170m, then 180m, \_Damn! They're zeroing in on us. Well I've lead a good life\_ he thought as he turned his head to check the pattern of the blasts. He froze as soon he looked at the squad's six, "What in hell is that?!" The rest of his squad quickly ducked down with their backs sucked-up against the embankment as soon as they heard Locklear's exclamation, and froze in place as soon as they locked eyes on what Locklear had seen.



It didn't last long, not even two seconds, but it's effect would be felt for years afterward. Less then a hundred feet away a white and blue-white hemisphere (2) appeared and then collapsed leaving in it's wake the forms of two people fighting. "What in the world?" Corly said just before the female figure's hands burst into green flames has she started to throw plasma blasts at the male figure. Throw! No gun or anything, just throwing bolts of green plasma, and the other guy was dodging them like he did that every day!

"This is insane!" Hosky exclaimed has the male - who was wearing a blue and white jumpsuit with lots of pockets and a very large backpack - jumped into the air and brought his fist down like a hammer, creating a crater 20ft across, and sending out a shockwave that made Hosky fall on to his back, Who are those guys? \_

\_ Alright maybe trying to off the Princess on an almost weekly basis for two years wasn't the best idea\_ Shego thought to herself as she continued to dodge Ron's attacks, I mean I knew he was good, but this is insane! I can't even get a good shot off at him. I can't shoot him at this range because he'll dodge it, and I can't get in close because if I do he'll just break my neck . . . alright so maybe he won't, but I shouldn't take the chance ether way, I mean what if he actually catches me? The only thing that could make this worse is if, if, if . . . "Scatter!" Shego yelled as she spotted one of the plasma mortars coming down. Reacting on instinct she blotted for the nearest cover she could find - a medium-sized embankment about 100m away - closed her eyes, and dove, rolling as she did.

\_ What's gotten into her\_ Ron thought to himself as he heard Shego shout 'Scatter!', and bolt off to the side. He didn't spend much time thinking about it though as he cocked his head off to his right side, and looked up, coming face to face with the boiling blue features of a plasma mortar less then 20m away. Crap! Ron thought as he bolted after Shego, diving for the embankment just as she had. Has soon as he heard the sound of the mortar hitting the ground he finally took the time to look around, and see what the hell was going on! He quickly popped his head over the bank before ducking back down, his eyes as wide as saucers. "Those are Covenant forces" he said in a half surprised, half worried tone.

"Ge ya think Tiger?"(3) Shego answered sarcastically from beside him.

"They aren't supposed to be real" he continued.

"It's like you're frick'en Eienstein" Shego said looking to her side.

"What's going on here?" he yelled.

"Oh I don't know, maybe it was all the explosions that were going on in a lair full of devices that were meant to do God only knows what, that combined with the fact that we were fighting right in the field of fire for Drakken's new interdimensional transporter, take that into consideration, and it's no wonder we're here" she said snapping her head towards him, sarcasm clearly evident in her voice.

"So what do you recommend we do?" Ron said in the slightly submissive tone he always used when going on missions with KP.

Shego was slightly stunned by his statement, but quickly recovered, "Well first we should probably ask these guys what's going on" she said pointing to the 4 ODSTs, "Hey, anybody got a spare weapon?" she asked as she turned her head to the very stunned Helljumpers.

After what they had seen every single member of the squad only had one question on their minds, but it was Corly who spoke first, "Who in bloody hell are you people?" she exclaimed.

"Hi, I'm Ron Stoppable, and this . . ." Ron paused, "is Shego" he said with a slightly more on edge tone while gesturing between himself and the mint-hued woman, "She's a . . ."

"Alright Tiger I think they get the point" Shego said cutting him off, "Now how about giving us some guns or something so we don't get torn to pieces by the guys shooting at us" she said in a tone that left no room for argument.

"Here" Locklear said throwing Carrington's BR55HB-SR to Ron and the now deceased Private's MA5K to Shego. Both Ron and Shego fought back a wave of nausea upon catching sight of the unfortunate Private's melted & glassed head and upper body.

"Thanks" Ron said tentatively.

"Your welcome, now don't shoot your ass off" Locklear responded with a slight condescending tone.

"Yeah, whatever" Shego said popping her head above the embankment and taking aim at the Covenant troops that had resumed firing. Even though Shego had never seen the type of carbine that she currently held in her hands, she did recognize the general shape and design of the gun, so it wasn't hard for her to get the just of what she had to do. She did, however, have doubts about what she was about to do next.

\* \* \*

><p>"<em>Pull!" a younger version of Shego said as her grip tightened the shotgun in her hands. Her eyes narrowed on the clay pigeon as it flew into the air. Time slowed as she focused on the target, taking a calming breath she pointed the shotgun on the pigeon, channeled her plasma into the gun, and fired. <em>

\_ Shego's shoulder jerked slightly as the shotgun fired, but instead of the usual orange, red, and yellow flash the gases exploding out of the barrel were tinted various shades of green. Tens of small green streaks shot through the air destroying the clay pigeon, and exploding into tiny pieces of half-vaporized half-glassed pieces of shrapnel, creating a glitter effect in the air on the firing range.\_

"\_Whoa sis, that was amazing" her younger brother Walter said from a few feet behind her.\_

"\_Where'd ya learn to do that?" Walter's twin brother Wallace asked from beside his brother. \_

"\_Practice Wally, practice" Shego said dropping her shotgun.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Shego shook her head as the flashback ended a split second after it had started, <em>Just once, just once! I'd like to go into a flashback when there <em>isn't\_ a life and death situation going on\_ Shego thought to herself as she shouldered the carbine and took aim at the Elite, \_Sorry about this, but you \_are \_shooting at me\_ she thought as she ignited her hands, and pulled down on the trigger. Firing in bursts to conserve ammo and prevent the gun from overheating in the plasma charged environment, she sent wave after wave of green plasma coated 7.62mm rounds at the Covenant troops gathered two hundred meters away - whose numbers had swelled to almost 20.

As soon as Shego let loose the Covenant scattered for cover amongst cries of "Demon!" from the Grunts, even the Elites dove behind the nearby boulders at the sight of the green skinned human dropping their shields like they were paper. "Good job mate" West said when he was finally able to rise above the embankment and shoot, \_Eat this fuckers\_ he thought moments before pulling the trigger and sending a 14.5x114mm titanium-tungsten rod through the eye of the Elite Major killing it instantly.

"Yeah! Suck SABOT ya alien shitheads!" Hosky said he popped up and began firing his MA5C ICWS at the Covenant forces.

\_ Alright this definitely isn't a video game \_Ron thought as he raised his head above the embankment looked down the scope of his weapon, and fired. M634 9.5mm x 40mm X-HP-SAP rounds flew through the air and struck the unshielded arm of a Jackal that had been stupid enough to jump out into the open with moderate accuracy, tearing into the reptile's arm, splintering the avian-like creature's hollow bone structure, and sending shards of bone into the alien's chest, causing plumes of purple blood to spray onto the ground before the Jackal finally fell over dead.\_ Definitely not a video game \_Ron thought fighting back another wave of nausea,\_ Come on Ron, head in the fight.  
><em>

Shego grimaced as another plasma mortar impacted on the ground behind her,\_There's no way we'll last long with that thing firing at us\_ she thought as yet \_another\_ mortar impacted behind her this time causing a wave of high-pressure heat to wash over her. "Gimmie your gun" she said suddenly to the sniper.

"What?!" he said answered in a confused tone though the reflective faceplate of his helmet.

"Gimmie your sniper rifle so I can destroy that Wraith that's trying to turn us into a sheet of glass" Shego said as though it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"If you stop firing on those Charlies they'll be able to pin us down again" Corly cut in. The green skinned woman paused for a few seconds before grabbing a plasma grenade off Corly's belt, activating both it and her plasma powers, and throwing it at the assembled Covenant forces. "Hey!" Corly objected as the green flaming sphere flew through the air towards the enemy, landing several hundred meters away in the center of their lines, and detonating with the force of 5 regular plasma grenades, killing all but 3 Grunts in the process - who promptly retreated from the battlefield. "That was a hell of a

throw" Corly stated blankly as her jaw hit the bottom of her helmet.

"Now can I destroy that Wraith?" Shego asked in a sarcastic tone.

"Do you even know how to fire one of these?" West said as he handed Shego his SRS99D-S2 AM.

"I used to shoot these puppies for fun kiddo. In fact I'm probably a better shot than you" she said in a slightly cocky tone as she shouldered the rifle and lit her hands.

"Wanna bet?" Kale retorted as Shego looked down the scope.

"Sure. Five bucks says I can destroy that thing in one shot" she said smugly.

"Bucks? What the hell is a . . ." West began to say as he was cut off by the deafening sound of a plasma infused APFSDS round leaving the barrel of the rifle in a plume of dark green superheated gas.

The flaming green round shot across through the air at an incredible speed, discarding its SABOT covering after leaving the barrel, and becoming what would latter be coined 'a lawn dart from Hell'. The rod continued to travel through the air, the green burning plasma covering it hastening its flight until the rod finally hit the Wraith, burning straight through the cockpit, and into the core, before exploding out the back, detonating the power source, killing the pilot and gunner instantly, and causing the plasma mortars it fired to disintegrate in midair.

"That was amazing" Ron said as he turned his head to Shego, "How in the world did you do that?" he asked his voice full of child-like wonder.

"Practice Tiger" she answered simply, "Practice."

"That's great and all people, but what about those AAA-Wraith? We can't get out of here until they're gone" Locklear said as he started scanning for snipers.

"AAA-Wraith?" Ron asked in a 'you've got to be kidding me' tone.

Adrian curiously cocked his head to the side, "Yeah it's a like it's like a regular Wraith only . . ."

\_\*\*CRACK-PHOOM! CRACK-PHOOM! CRACK-PHOOM!\*\*\_

Ron quickly looked into the distance upon hearing the firing of the sniper rifle, and saw the burning wrecks of 3 Covenant Wraiths. "Here" Shego said to the sniper as she handed him back his still smoking rifle, "Careful, it's still hot" she said gesture to the dull red glowing barrel.

"Right" Kale said drawing out the word as he took the rifle back, being careful not to touch the barrel.

"Hey people we're still in the middle of a warzone here" Corly said,

and as if to punctuate her statement the ground shook as the sight of a mushroom cloud rising began to appear in the distance. "Crap. Things must be going bad if they're using nukes" Deborah said looking at her ODS'Ts and then with a more suspicious eye looking at the newcomers, "Well" she said gesturing to Carrington's body, "I'll call for a pick up, and while that's going on we can . . . do what we have to do, but lets be quick about it, it won't be long before those Covies come back, and in greater numbers."

Shego smirked at the Helljumper's remark, as Ron allowed himself a small chuckle, \_Yeah, laugh it up Tiger . . . 'Cause this is probably one of the last times we'll be able to for a while\_ Shego thought to herself as she set about the gruesome task to which they'd all been assigned to.

\* \* \*

><p>"<em>Mommy what are we doing here?" a four year old Aurora Go asked her mother Isabel as they walked though Go City Memorial Park.<em>  
<em>

"\_We're going to see something very important Firefly" Isabel said holding her only daughter's hand a bit tighter.\_

\_ Aurora smiled at her mother's use of her nickname for her, she always liked to be called that by her Mom. "Is that it?" she asked gesturing her tiny hand towards a marble wall in the shape of a crescent a mere 200ft away.\_

"\_Yes dear, yes that's it" Isabel said as her eyes began to tear up a bit.\_

"\_What's wrong mommy?" Aurora asked when she saw the tears in her mother eyes, "Is something wrong mommy?" \_

"\_No little one, nothing's wrong" she answered lovingly as she picked her daughter up in her arms, "It's just that this is a very sad time for mommy."\_

"\_Don't be sad mommy" Aurora said as she started hugging her mother, "I don't like it when your sad."\_

\_ Isabel didn't say anything as they approached the wall, "Mommy what's that?" her daughter asked suddenly as they reached the marble wall with hundreds of names written on it and various flags, candles, cards, flowers, and other forms of remembrance and mourning adorning its base, "Is that what's making you so sad?" \_

"\_Not quite Firefly, and yes" she answered her voice sobbing a bit.\_

"\_Huh?" Aurora asked in a confused tone.\_

"\_This" Isabel said gesturing to the monument, "Is a memorial to every military service member from Go City that died in war. Every year I come here to lay a arrangement of flowers in honor of my father - your grandfather - Walter Han." \_

\_ Aurora looked at her mother with a confused face, "Mommy, I thought I only had one grampa. Why didn't I ever get to see him?"\_

\_ Isabel blinked back tears at her daughter's innocence. "He died," she choked out, "While I was still a child. There was no way you could have seen him."\_

"\_Oh," Aurora said with quiet understanding as she put her head against her mother's chest, "Do you think we'll ever see him again?" she asked in a curious tone.\_

"\_Yes," Isabel said with conviction, "Yes, I'm sure we'll see him again."\_

\* \* \*

><p>"Well" Corly said as the assembled group finished burying Carrington's body, "Does anyone have any words to say?" she asked as it began to rain.<p>

"He was an ass" Kale said with a slight amount of grim humor in his voice.

Deborah waited a second to give everyone their chuckle, "Does anyone have anything \_nice\_ to say?"

"He was a good man" Locklear began, "Always willing to do what's right, even when that meant giving up his own life" he finished as a D77-TC Pelican dropship swooped in to land.

Locklear's simple elegy, although standard for almost all service members throughout history, had a profound effect on the interdimensional travelers especially Shego, "\_Would I be able to do that?" she asked herself, "\_Lay down my life in defense of people I don't even know? . . . You used to be able to do that not so long ago . . . Hey girl in case you didn't realize, you're Shego, you have power, you have freedom, you have wealth, you get away with anything\_ . . . Maybe in our old dimension, but now we're stuck in the Haloverse, and the rules have changed . . . Oh \_please\_ you know all about this place, you use that knowledge to your advantage. Play these suckers for everything they're worth, and take over this century . . . Are you insane?! The UNSC would never allow someone to do that, and even if they didn't find out what you were doing right away, and believe me they will, they'd kill you as soon as they did . . . You worry to much, besides the last time this happened we were only stuck for a couple of hours . . . I'd rather not take the chance\_ Shego thought to herself as the Pelican started to land, lowering the short ramp at the back as it did, revealing the form of a M247 GPMG with a 25mm grenade launcher mounted on its top, "\_Definitely don't want to take the chance\_. As people started to jump into the back of the Pelican Shego paused for a second to kneel down to the ground, "You saved my life" she said simply before sprinting into the dropship.

"Well" Corly said as soon as the Pelican took off and it's rear door closed, "Now that we're all safe and cozy maybe you two could explain a few things", she said taking off her helmet so that everyone could see her face, "Starting with JUST WHO THE FUCK YOU ARE!" she yelled at Ron and Shego - who had taken up seats on the right side of the dropship, Ron with his backpack in front of him, and Shego to his left, closer to the back, and clutching Carrington's MA5K like a newborn baby - her brown-blue eyes burning with fury.

"We already told you who we are" Ron said in a shocked tone to the brown haired woman.

"Yeah" she said in a 'no duh' voice, "Ron Stoppable and Shego. Do you honestly expect me to believe that those are your names?"

"Well, yeah" Ron said with a slightly confused tone.

"Your name sounds like 'unstoppable', no-one's name sounds like unstoppable! And Stoppable? I mean what kind of person has an adjective for a last name?" she yelled getting within inches of his face.

"My best-friend's name is Kim Possible" Ron said maintaining his dumbfounded face.

Deborah blinked a few times at his statement, "Hey ease up there Sarge" Locklear said from the other side of the dropship, "If it wasn't for them we'd probably be dead right now. I think we at least owe them the benefit of the doubt."

"Can it Corporal!" Corly shouted at the Helljumper an act which caused Shego to snicker, "As for you" Corly said turning to Shego, "Who in their right mind would want to be called Shego? Are you some kind of superhero or something?"

"Actually she's a villain" Ron said bluntly, at this Corly raised an eyebrow, "Me and KP were trying to foil Drakken - the guy she works for's - latest scheme when we got sucked into this dimension."

"Thank you" Corly said in a 'about time' tone of voice.

"Man this like something out of a comic book!" the Pelican's gunner spoke up, "Transdimensional travel, superheroes fighting the bad guys, and I bet you always get the girl, right?"

"Uhhhh" Ron managed to get out.

"Well he should" Deborah said not even bothering to hide the fact that she was eyeing him up.

"Uh bbabulm" Ron stammered at her remark.

"Back to my previous questions" Corly said in a serious tone, "What did you mean when you said that the Covenant 'shouldn't be real'?"

"Well in our universe" Shego spoke up, but was cut off by the voice of the pilot coming over the intercomm.

"\_Hate to bust up your little Q&A session back there, but we're nearing the spaceport so it should get a lot more crowded back there"\_ the female pilot said with a hint of amusement in her voice.

"What do you mean by that Foehammer?" Corly said putting her helmet back on, not noticing the 'kid in a candy store' expressions that briefly flashed across Ron and Shego's faces.

"\_The Admiral ordered all Pelican crews to pick up as many people as possible before returning to orbit. We're bugging out"\_

"Heh, figures" Corly said with a certain amount of disdain in her voice.

"\_Better get your head in the game marine 'cause we're almost there"\_ Foehammer said as she lowered the back hatch.

"\_Hold up. Motion tracker's got something big dropping out of the upper atmosphere, and it's closing fast, REAL fast"\_ the co-pilot said suddenly.

"\_Oh fuck, not one of those things"\_ Foehammer said in an exasperated tone.

"What's going on?" Ron said a second before a massive object smashed into the ground a mere 100 meters behind them.

"Holy crap!" the gunner yelled at the sight of the Covenant Scarab rising up off the ground.

"Oh come on!" Shego said in a tone matching her words as the Scarab began firing plasma from the bulbous turret on its top at the Pelican.

"\_Evasive action!" \_Corly yelled over the comm.

"\_Don't have to tell me twice"\_ Foehammer said as she banked the dropship sharply to the left.

\_ If they're evacuating people, and that Scarab gets there . . . \_ Shego shuddered at the thought. "Get out of the way!" she suddenly yelled at the gunner.

"What?" the gunner exclaimed moments before Shego forcibly removed him from the turret, "HEY!" the gunner said as he was tossed into a seat on the right side of the dropship, "What do you think you're doing?" he asked as a hand placed itself on his shoulder to restrain him.

"Saving our sorry asses Private. Now sit back down and let the girl do her thing, trust me this is going to be fun" Corporal West said with quite a bit of amusement in his voice as Shego's hands burst into green fire.

\_ OK, don't know what that thing is, but I'm guessing that it's a Scarab. I'm also guessing that I might be destructible\_ Shego thought to herself as she channeled her plasma powers into the firing chamber, \_I just hope I'm right\_ she worried as she pulled the trigger and sent a 25mm plasma enhanced grenade shortly followed by several bursts of plasma coated 7.62x51mm rounds into the plasma turret, blowing it apart after just 2 seconds of fire, and disintegrating the plasma bolts the Scarab was firing just moments before one of the bolts hit them.

"Turn this thing around!" Shego suddenly yelled as soon as the Scarab's AA-turret was destroyed.



"\_What!?"\_ Foehammer yelled over the comm, "\_You can't be serious!"\_

"JUST DO IT!" Shego yelled before adding, almost as an after thought, "Please, trust me on this."

"\_All right, all right, I just hope you know how to do whatever it is you're doing" \_Foehammer said in a worried tone.

"Don't worry I do" Shego said as she took two M7 Caseless Submachine Guns and a belt with several pouches ammo attached to it out of one of the weapons locker in the side of the dropship.

"You're not thinking of doing what I think you're thinking of doing, are you?" Ron said as he carefully removed a katana - the Lotus Blade - stored in a white and blue sheath, and put the padded and pouched strap across his chest, solidly securing the blade to his back.

"I don't know, what do you think I'm thinking of doing?" Shego asked as she put on the belt and clipped the SMGs to it.

"I think you're thinking of trying to take that thing down from the inside" Ron said as the sounds of plasma fire and melting armor started to fill the 'blood tray'.

"Well then" Shego began turning to him, "You'd be right" she finished and in one quick motion she snatched the cordless hairdrier/grappling hook launcher Ron had in his leg holster and jumped out of the back towards the still advancing Scarab several hundred meters below them.

"You are certifiably insane!" Ron yelled at Shego's plummeting form before telling the Pelican crew to go to the spaceport and jumping out of the back himself.

"Man we get ourselves into some crazy shit, I tell you what" Hosky finally spoke up after Ron had jumped out of the dropship.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Oh this is going to hurt<em> Shego thought to herself as she rapidly approached the Scarab, \_Unless . . . \_her thoughts trailed off as she fired the grappling hook at the now destroyed AA-turret, the hook wrapped itself around one of the jagged pieces of the wrecked turret, pressing a button on the launcher the cord quickly grew taut, using her momentum Shego swung around the Scarab's turret, and straight into the open door to the lower decks, catching one of the Jackals that were shooting her right in the head with her boots. Shego cringed as the Jackal's purple blood splattered against her legs as her boots smashed the bird-like alien's head into paste. Shego hit the ground hard, rolled as she drew her M7s, and ignited her hands, tearing a Grunt standing to her side to ribbons as she moved towards the lower decks.

\* \* \*

><p><em>This is going to hurt<em> Ron mused as he drew the Lotus Blade on his way down, \_Really going to hurt \_he thought to himself as the Lotus Blade collided with the head of a Elite Major smashing through both its shield and its helmet before bisecting its head,

splattering huge masses of purple-blue blood all over the front of Ron's body, and causing the almost overwhelming smell of fresh tar to assault his olfactory glands. "Aw man" Ron whined after he'd used the jump jets in his suit's boots to stop himself from becoming a pizza on the Scarab's deck and land, "It's going to take \_forever\_ to get the smell out" he complained light-heartily as he rapidly advanced along the side of the Scarab, cutting down the relatively few enemies as he went. \_Well that wasn't so bad, 2 Jackals and 3 Grunts, I really thought that they'd put up more of a . . . Oh crap\_ Ron thought as he turned the corner, coming face to face with an Elite Ultra.

The Sangheili Ultra was already bringing down his Type-1 Energy Sword when the human had turned the corner. He had heard the screams of 'Demon' from the Kig-yar and Unggoy as they were cut down by the human who had boarded the Type-47 Ultra Heavy Assault Platform under his command - both from above and besides him. He briefly wondered if two humans had boarded his craft, before the form of a human soldier had turned the corner leading to the core, heralding the arrival of the 'Demon'. To his great surprise he did not see one of green armored Demons that the humans had sicced on the holy warriors of the Covenant, but instead he had seen a boy, not more then 16 cycles old, covered with large patches of the blood of his brothers, wearing a white and blue one-piece combat harness with many pouches on it, and wielding a faint blue glowing metal sword, but his eyes, his eyes were the most remarkable feature about him, his eyes were \_glowing\_, glowing a sky-blue hue that seemed to penetrate into the very soul of the Ultra. For a brief second the Ultra questioned his duty, questioned the reasoning behind exterminating the humans, and questioned why the San 'Shyuum were so adamant about destroying the humans, but most of all he questioned killing the boy. However this introspective was cut short by the Ultra quickly remembering that he had a job to do, whether he liked it or not. The human quickly jerked his head back as soon as he saw the energy sword coming down on him. However, while the human was fast enough to stop his head from being bisected, he was not fast enough to avoid the energy sword completely. The human let an piercing cry of agony as the energy sword came down across the left side of his face, cutting into his forehead, eye, and cheek, and cauterizing the wound all in the same motion. The Ultra drew back his sword, preparing to cut the human down quickly, and end his suffering painlessly, but what happened next would baffle him for months to come. Instead of being paralyzed in pain by the gouge to his face the human - in one swift motion - dropped his sword, and with superhuman quickness, grabbed the wrist of the hand that was holding the Ultra's sword, and twisted it two hundred degrees, the Ultra cried out in agony as the pain forced him to drop his sword. The human then quickly turned around, and threw the Ultra a hundred meters clear of the Scarab, before collapsing from the pain himself.

\* \* \*

><p>Shego began to sweat as she made her way down the ramps to the control room, <em>OK, war is definitely a tiring activity <em>she thought to herself as she turned the corner to the control room, and tore apart one of the Elite Minors with a double stream of plasma enhanced M443 5x23mm Caseless FMJ ammunition, before quickly dispatching the rest of the occupants - 2 Elites, 5 Grunts, and 3 Jackals - in much the same manner. "Oy" Shego said to herself upon clearing the room, "I really hope I can find somekind of

self-destruct or something" after looking at looking at the holographic controls for all of 2 seconds Shego cursed her lack of understanding, "Damn it! I don't know how to do this! This is Stoppable's line of expertise not mine! Speaking for which, where . . ." her external monologue was cut short however by a ear-piercing scream of agony coming from behind and above her, \_Oh-no.\_ Shego bolted back the way she came at a fantastic speed, drawing her SMGs and dispatching the few remaining Covenant as she did. She plowed around to the back of the Scarab, and froze at the sight that met her eyes, "Oh-no" Shego said in a very worried voice upon seeing Stoppable's body slumped against the wall, "Don't worry Tiger I'll get you . . . Oh my God" she gasped as she turned him over and saw the damage done to the left side of his face. "Why in world did you come down . . . here. OK now I feel like a idiot" Shego said in deadpan tone as she turned her head to her left and saw the Scarab's shielded power core, "I just wish we could find a easy way off this thing, and BINGO!", she said in a excited tone as she saw the approaching form of Foehammer's Pelican dropship. "Alright don't you worry now Stoppable, I'm getting you out of here" Shego said as she hoisted the hero's body on to her back, and - recognizing the obvious value of it - picked up his katana and put it in the sheath on his back for easy carrying, "Or I could . . . NO! I'm not leaving you here" she said in a deadly serious voice as she drew one of her SMGs and aimed it at the power core, "I suppose I should say something witty" she thought about it for a second before finishing, "Nothing comes to mind" she said in best Jack O'Neill voice before lighting her hands, pulling down on the trigger, and sending a stream of flaming green bullets into the core, the rounds exploded on impact, and after a split second of fire the core was going critical. \_Crap, gotta remember to get out of the target before I destroy it next time\_ Shego thought to herself as she clipped the SMG onto her belt and drew the grappling hook launcher out of her leg holster, "You just better hope that I don't miss" she said in a amused tone as she fired the heavily modified hairdryer, "What do you know? I guess I'm not such a bad shot after all" she said as the grappling hook rocketed across the sky and wrapped itself around the Pelican's wing. Shego pressed the retract button as quickly as she could and flew off the Scarab at an incredible rate as the Scarab exploded behind them, all the while with Ron still on her back, as she moved closer to the Pelican she swung in a wide arc and tightened her grip on Ron's unconscious form, looping around the back of the Pelican, and swinging into the 'blood tray'. "Stoppable got hurt bad" Shego said as soon as she landed in the back of the Pelican.

"Oh crap. Get this guy a medic!" Locklear yelled upon seeing Ron's face.

"You guys came back for us?" Shego said as she looked around and saw the 'blood tray' absolutely packed with people - mostly civilians.

"Well Ron here told us to get to the spaceport, but never said anything about coming back for you, so we had to improvise" Adrian said in a amused tone.

"Yeah well, thanks all the same" Shego said as the Pelican's rear hatch closed.

"You're welcome" Locklear said as a medic rushed to Ron's side, and the dropship angled itself towards the remains of the UNSC fleet in

orbit.

\* \* \*

><p>(1) This is a reference to the <em>Astrix and Obelix<em> comics, where one of the signature lines is "These (insert name of people here) are crazy."

(2) Anyone whose played Command & Conquer: Red Alert 2 knows that this is the Chronoshift effect used in the game.

(3) The nickname Shego uses for Ron was taken from \_The Dark Angel Series\_, and due credit must be given to the author of that story.

A/N: Well there you have it, the second chapter. Took me awhile to do, but it's finally done. Hope you enjoyed it, I know I enjoyed writing it. Now if anything seemed OOC to you don't worry, I'm going to be explaining a lot of the motivating factors of the characters in chapter 3 so sit tight. On a related note, I'm going to be taking a (hopefully) brief hiatus from this story in order to finish up my other story - \_Operation: Jointed Thunder\_ - luckily that story's going to be pretty short so I'll get back to this soon. Also on a related note I'm going to be posting a new poll on my profile page that will affect the story a great deal, so please vote. In till next time . . .

Sic Semper Tyrannus

Carry on.

### 3. Healing, Admirals, and Realizations

Disclaimer: Kim Possible and all related characters belong to Disney. Halo and all related characters and concepts belong to Bungie. Doctor Chakwas belongs to the BioWare Corp.

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\* \* \*

><p><strong>1430 hours, June 25, 2549 (Military Calendar)  
**\*\***

**\*\*Aboard UNSC Vessel \*\*\*\*Basra\*\*\*\*, Gamma Eridanus system, in orbit around Atlanta III. \*\***

**\*\*Currently undergoing a fighting withdrawal from Covenant forces.  
**\*\*****

"Here comes another one!" Doctor Chakwas yelled from outside the hanger airlock as the last of the D77-TC Pelican dropships still not

onboard a UNSC ship landed in one of the massive hanger bays of the Marathon-class Cruiser Basra, narrowly dodging the plasma fire from one of the attacking Covenant Seraph fighters as it did. "Alright lets go see if they need help" Chakwas said to one of the med-teams as the hangar doors closed and the room pressurized.

"We need some help over here!" one of the Orbital Drop Shock Troopers getting off the Pelican yelled as refugees started to shuffle out of it.

"Stoppable got hit bad" a female ODSs - Corly - yelled at Chakwas as she and another 'Helljumper' brought a stretcher off the dropship.

Stoppable. What kind of name is . . . "Oh my . . ." Chakwas breathed as she caught sight of the young man's mutilated face, "What happened to him? How long has he been like this? What kind of treatment has he received?" she rapidly asked the medic that had come off the dropship.

"In that order" the Corporal said as he approached her, "His wounds are consistent with those caused by a Covenant Energy Sword, we picked him up on our way off the planet, and I gave him a double dose polypseudomorphine to ease the pain and some biofoam to slow the bleeding. I wish I could have done more, but in all honesty that guy needs surgery now" he spoke with a great deal conviction.

"Alright we'll get him into the OR, you stay here and tend to the wounded" Chakwas said as she turned and ran after the Marines who were pushing Stoppable's Gurney. Who are you? Chakwas thought as she looked upon Stoppable's incapacitated form, Or more to the point where did you come from?

Well wherever you came from we're going to fix you up just fine she thought to herself as they ran into the OR a few minutes later. "Alright let's get this suit off him!" Chakwas said as she started to cut the young man's clothes off with a pair heavy-duty medical scissors, "What in the world?" Chakwas exclaimed as the fabric on Stoppable's suit repaired itself just moments after she had cut it.

"What is that thing?!" one of the surgeons exclaimed upon seeing the patient's clothes repair themselves.

"Never mind that, we'll worry about getting it off him later, right now lets just get his face fixed up" Chakwas said in a tone that left no room for argument as she started growing the necessary flesh and organs to replace the young man's burned and gouged face in the nearby flash cloning chambers, her mind becoming a blank slate as she focused her entire being on the task of healing her patient before his brain became to damaged for him to continue living.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>1432 hours, June 25, 2549 (Military Calendar) \*\*

\*\*In one of the hanger bays of the UNSC Vessel \*\*\*\*Basra\*\*\*\*, Gamma Eridanus system, in orbit around Atlanta III. \*\*

\*\*Currently preparing for Shaw-Fujikawa Slipspace jump.\*\*

\_Now what?\_Shego thought dejectedly after seeing Stoppable being ferried away by one of the medical teams, \_I mean . . . I'm in space! High above an alien world in a \_Marathon\_-class Cruiser, swept up in a life and death struggle with a genocidal alliance of aliens bent on the total annihilation of all mankind. I'm living every science fiction fangirl's dream! . . . Except that it's not a dream, it's real, it's brutal, people are dying all around me, and the only other person who could ever understand what I'm going through is dying right now because I had to go off and try to 'help' people. Like they ever deserved it . . . but then again, I \_am \_stuck here for the foreseeable future so it might be good to have someone watching my back \_Shego thought contradictorily to herself before being interrupted from her internal battle by the voice of one of the refugees.

"Excuse me, miss?" the woman asked, worry evident in voice.

"Yes?" Shego said a slightly sarcastic tone, fully intending to give this woman a piece of her mind for whatever offhand comment she was going to make about her skin tone or outfit.

"Have you seen my daughter?" the woman asked as tears started to form in her eyes, "We got separated at the spaceport, and you were on the last Pelican in. She's about 5 years old, has brown hair, carries around a little stuffed horse that I gave her for her birthday, and . . . Oh, God, have you seen her?"

Shego's heart dropped like stone, "No" she answered in a vacant tone, "No I haven't seen her."

Shego silently watched as the woman broke out sobbing before turning and running through the gathering crowds towards the dropship the interdimensional travelers had come in on, calling her daughter's name as she did, even when several Marines tried to hold her back, telling her that there was no-one left on the Pelican and that they couldn't turn back, the woman continued to try and push through to the dropship, screaming her daughter's name over and over again as she did, before finally being sedated by one of the Marines. And through it all Shego continued to stare straight ahead, her face completely void of all emotion.

"Ma'am" Corly said approaching Shego from behind, "Ma'am?" Corly asked again in a slightly more worried tone, "Ma'am are you all right?" she continued, putting a gloved hand on the mint-skinned woman's shoulder.

"Yeah I'm alright, why would you think . . ." Shego paused mid-sentence as the ship started to generate hundreds of micro-singularities in front of the bow, tearing open a hole in reality, and making the transition to Slipspace, and safety. Shego, for her part, wasn't doing as well, in fact you could say she was doing quite badly. Her insides felt like they were rolling around in pudding, her face was getting noticeably greener, and at that point in time Shego was positive that she hadn't ever felt that sick, \_Well except for right after the 'Rainbow Comet incident' \_she thought darkly before being overcome with a wave of nausea, \_Oh no\_. Shego vomited - all over the floor of the hanger.

"Otherwise? Well for starters you chucked your guts all over the

floor" Corly finished, raising an eyebrow at the apparent villainess' statement. Clearly she was shaken up about something, but decided - wisely perhaps - not to press the issue. "Foehammer called the Admiral on our way up, and told him what was going on" she said to the sickly looking woman, pointing her thumb over her shoulder at one of the exits as she did.

"And now he wants to talk to us so he can figure out what to tell the spooks at ONI" Shego finished in a matter of fact tone as she finally stopped puking.

"Something like that. You coming?" Corly asked, turning to leave.

"Sure, not like I have anything better to do" Shego answered in a sarcastic tone.

Corly nodded at her statement before compulsively putting her hand to her helmet and contacting the rest of her squad, "\_Alright boys, the Admiral wants to see us in the officer's briefing room ASAP, so strip back down and head on up there, we'll meet you there."\_

"\_Yes ma'am"\_came the uniform response.

"So are you going show me where to go, or are you going to stand there like a idiot all day" Shego said to the Helljumper in a disrespectful tone as she started to walk out of the hanger.

\_Must resist urge to kill . . . At least until after the Admiral's done with her \_Corly thought with a wry grin as she took off her helmet and attached it to her belt, "Well unless you plan on walking through the ship all day like some ignorant bloater I suggest you follow me" oh yeah, she was going to have some real fun with this one.

"Well then, lead on oh powerful mistress" Shego said facetiously as she held out her hands towards the door and bowed slightly.

"I got a better idea" Corly quipped as she moved towards the door, "How about you take that attitude of yours and shove it up your . . ."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>1451 hours, June 25, 2949 (Military Calendar)  
\*\*

\*\*Officer's Briefing Room, on board UNSC Vessel \*\*\*\*Basra\*\*\*\*, in Slipspace en-route to open space.\*\*

The tension in the briefing room was palpable. Everyone in it had heard what Foehammer had described over the comm - travelers from another world, another universe. People who not only knew almost everything about their world, but also possessed superhuman abilities, and apparently were both a hero and villain in the universe from which they came. It sounded like something out of a comic book, or some piece of fan fiction posted on the net. Either way it looked as though things were going to get a lot more interesting in the UNSC - like they needed it.

"I'm getting too old for this" Rear Admiral (Upper Half) Danforth Whitcomb groused in his signature Texas drawl as he watched camera footage of the supposed interdimentional travelers that had been transmitted from Foehammer's Pelican on his PDA.

"You're just saying that because it's cliché sir" Lieutenant Randall Habuki - Ran to his friends - stated in a voice that sounded like a cross between a Japanese and American Midwest accent as he watched a copy of the footage being shown on the Admiral's PDA on his own, "Besides Admiral-sama you have to admit they're intriguing" he paused as the footage changed to show the female of the two jumping out of the Pelican and boarding a Scarab using a grappling gun, "\_Very \_intriguing."

"Indeed" Admiral Whitcomb replied warily as his eyes shifted to look at the Lieutenant. It wasn't that Whitcomb didn't trust the ONI operative, he just trusted all ONI operatives about as far as he could throw them, which wasn't very far at all. Besides he knew that if ONI got their hands on that jump-suited girl he was watching right now things would end badly for her - very, very, badly - and considering how much more valuable she'd be if she were alive rather than dead he wasn't about to let that happen on his watch, not yet at least.

"Sir" a male voice said from across the room, effectively cutting off the Admiral's train of thought, "Reporting as ordered" the Marine continued as the rest of his squad filed in - the Pelican crew would be debriefed later.

"Take a seat people" Whitcomb said, gesturing to the gathered Marines as they did as ordered, "Now will your sergeant and our 'guest' be joining us, or do we have to send the Calvary in after them?" he asked, putting down his PDA and turning to the assembled Marines.

"Well . . ." Locklear began before being cut off by the sound of the door opening, and the forms of Sergeant Deborah Corly and Shego entering the room.

"Sorry we were late Sir, but me and the MPs had to get the green popinjay here to leave her guns at the door first" Corly quipped as she sat down in an available chair and jerked her thump in "Shego's" direction.

"Hey!" Shego spoke up, "You let the Master Chief run around your ships carrying half the UNSC arsenal, but you won't let me carry around a couple of M7s and . . . That modified assault rifle. What's up with that?!"

Habuki and Whitcomb blinked a couple of times at the green-tinted woman's outburst, it was contradicting to say the least; on the one hand she had described one of humanity's greatest heroes and one of the UNSC's advanced firearms like she'd known about them her entire life when she'd apparently only been in this universe a few hours, but on the other hand she had demonstrated a completely lack of knowledge when it came to describing a simple carbine. However, just as the two officers in the room were about to inquire about the young woman's declaration Sergeant Corly spoke up - beating them to the punch quite nicely.



"Because, as far as we're concerned you're an admitted super-villain who . . ."

"Hey!" Shego interjected sharply, "I never admitted to being a super-villain, it was Stoppable who said that!"

"Well the fact remains that . . ."

"Sergeant, stand down!" Whitcomb bellowed, "Now little missy, would you be so polite as to actually sit down" Shego did as she was told, scared out of wits from the tone of the Admiral's voice, "Good, now, lets start with the basics: Who are you?"

"I've got a better idea, how about cut a deal, then I talk" Shego stated as she stared at the Admiral intently.

"What kind of deal?" Whitcomb was irritated, but he kept his cool demeanor the entire time.

"I only thing I want is for ONI \_not \_to dissect me" Shego stated in an even tone.

"That's all?" Whitcomb was definitely surprised by this.

"Yep, as long as you make sure the Office of Naval Intelligence doesn't get a hold of me I'll tell you everything you want, \_in private\_" Shego wasn't going to be backing down on this, there was no way she was going to end up on some ONI dissection table if she had her way.

"Fair enough" Whitcomb conceded as he got out of his chair, "Lieutenant, debrief the Helljumpers for me, while me and the young lady here go into my office for a little 'chat'" he continued, patting Lt. Habuki on his shoulder before walking out of the room with the super-powered firebrand following close behind.

"All right" Habuki said as soon as the Admiral had left, "Tell me everything about your mission from the start, and leave nothing out."

The ODS'Ts shifted uncomfortably in their seats at the Lt.'s words, it was going to be a long night.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Basra <strong>\*\*Admiral's Office, a few minutes later\*\*

"OK" Whitcomb said as soon as the door to his office was closed, "We're alone, now I want answers."

"Whoa, settle down there . . ." Shego quickly scanned the room looking for something to help her think of a catchy nickname for the old Admiral, her eyes eventually falling upon the name plate resting on the desk, "Vice Admiral Danforth Whitcomb" she sated as her voice lost all of it's usual lippiness.

"\_Vice \_Admiral?" Whitcomb inquired, "Well as catchy as that sounds I'm afraid I'm a star below what you called me. Speaking of which, how did you know my name? And why did you call me Vice Admiral?"

"I need to lay down" Shego said as she plopped herself down on one of the available chairs, completely ignoring the Admiral's inquiries.

"What is it?" Whitcomb asked as crouched down next to the obviously disturbed young woman, keeping his cool demeanor the entire time.

"You're dead" Shego said simply.

"What?!" Whitcomb exclaimed blankly, there were very few things in the universe that could leave Danforth Whitcomb totally speechless, a beautiful young woman whom he'd just met telling him that he was dead was one of them. "Care to explain that statement miss?"

"Sure, but you might want to take a seat first, and you must understand that some of what I tell must never go beyond the walls."

"Okay" Whitcomb said tentatively as he got up and walked over to his desk before sitting down, "But you better be truthful with me, or else . . ." he left the rest unsaid; the effect of those unsaid words however wasn't lost on the pale skinned woman across from him as her face lost even more color.

Over the next eight and a half hours Shego painstakingly recounted every bit of information about the Halo franchise she'd ever learned to the Admiral. From the beginning of the franchise in the late 1990s to the latest map packs for Halo 2, she left nothing out, and through it all Admiral Whitcomb kept a straight poker face, well almost through all of it. When Shego described the part in First Strike where the Admiral had died he actually broke out laughing, "Well" he had said, "At least I went down fighting." After that however the conversation had proceeded as it had before with Shego pausing only to catch her breath every ten-twenty minutes, and forcibly expel the contents of her stomach every couple of hours.

". . . So that's how I knew so much" Shego finished after another round of talking, How Drakken does that on a regular basis I'll never know.

"Hmm" Whitcomb mused for the latest of times that day, "Well that's very interesting miss" it was beyond interesting, some of the things the young woman had told him, like the origins of the SPARTANs and the reason this Staff Sergeant Avery J. Johnson was able to survive the Flood, he'd never be able to tell anyone, but that was just fine with him - some things were better left unsaid - at least he knew why she wanted to keep ONI out of this; no-one wanted to die pointlessly in some 'non-existent' lab because the higher-ups couldn't take the time to find an alternative solution, "You still haven't answered my original question: What's your name?"

"Shego" the mint-tinted woman said without a second thought.

"That your real name?"

"No, that's why they call it a 'secret' identity" Shego said in a sarcastic tone as she made air quotes with her hands.

"No offense miss, but a secret identity's not going to do you any good over here" Whitcomb stated matter-of-factly, carefully gaging Shego's reactions.

"And why's that?" Shego asked, anger clearly evident in her voice.

"Three things: First, you don't wear a mask or any kind of disguise; second, your skin has a green tint to it - that's pretty recognizable; and third" Whitcomb paused, as though preparing himself to say something profound, "To be frank, Shego sounds like the lyrics to a song sung by some bad early 21st-century singer."

"What?!" Shego yelled as she jumped up from her seat, her hands bursting into green plasma fire. She was stunned, \_no-one \_had insulted her name before, no-one smart anyways, certainly not a Rear Admiral, yet here she was, having her entire persona torn apart by one of the most respected Admirals in the UNSC fleet. It felt . . . Odd: on the one hand was the respect she unconsciously felt towards the man telling her these things, and on the other was the blind unrelenting fury that burned within her against anyone who dared to criticize her; it was real wonder why her head didn't explode - at least to her.

"Settle down there missy" Whitcomb said evenly as he reached beneath the large wood colored Titanium-A desk and grabbed hold of the M6C Magnum Sidearm mounted on the underside for just such an occasion, "Bad things tend to happen when plasma weapons go off inside UNSC ships" he finished, bringing the M6C out from under the desk and leveling it at Shego's head for emphasis, all while keeping a completely emotionless mask on his face the entire time.

Shego's eyes widened to the size of dinner plates as she stared down the Magnum's .50 barrel, her mind instantly starting a process of running through dozens of various possible outcomes for her situation, which was just a fancy way of saying that she was imagining - in extremely precise and gory detail - exactly what would happen to her body if one of the M228 12.7mm x 40mm SAP-HP (Semi-Armor-Piercing High-Penetration) rounds from the Magnum were to hit her in the head or neck - it wasn't a pretty sight. So needless to say, it only took a few seconds of the two warriors starring each other down before the young mint-hued woman finally relented and fell back onto the chair, her hands extinguishing as she did. "All right, I get the picture" she stated in a defeated voice as her face took on a look of self-pity.

"Good" Whitcomb said with a smile as he gently set the sidearm down on the desk, "Now are you willing to \_finally \_tell me what your real name is?" he asked gently, the \_last \_thing he needed was for this little meeting of his to go down the tubes, \_Of course \_\_he\_ mused, \_There's always that guy in surgery\_.

Shego sighed, "There's no way I'm getting out of this is there?"

Whitcomb shook his head.

"I thought so" Shego said glumly, "OK then, my real name is . . ." she continued, pausing as though she was about to admit to something incredibly shameful, "Aurora . . . Elizabeth . . . Go" she finally

got out through a strained voice and body, bracing herself for the beating that was sure to come.

Whitcomb blinked a couple of times, unable to process what his eyes and ears were telling him, "That's it?! That's what took you nine hours to get out?!"

"Yeah, well I don't usually just go around telling people my real name all willy-nilly" Shogo said as her voice regained a lot of its usual lippiness.

"So why'd you tell it to me?" Whitcomb asked, making his voice sound as genuinely curious as possible.

"Uh" Shogo began, her voice oozing sarcasm as she raised her finger in a statement of objection, "Because you asked me, and because you pointed a .50 pistol at my head."

"Well first of all, you didn't have to answer my question; I asked it because it frankly just makes paper work a whole hell of a lot easier. And second of all, the reason I pulled that Magnum on you was, well, to be frank it looked like you were about to rend the flesh from my bones and feed me my own intestines."

"Eww" Shogo said unconsciously, her face twisted into a look halfway between disgust and being completely grossed out.

"Yes" Whitcomb repeated contemplatively as he leaned forward, his hands clasped together just a few millimeters in front of his salt-and-pepper mustache, "Eww."

More than a few awkward moments passed in the small 8'x12' office in the silence that followed after the little back and forth between the Admiral and the raven-haired young woman sitting across from him. Perfectly quiet except for the distant, almost inaudible, ever-present, hum of the engines reverberating throughout the ship from the Titanium-A steel hull, and the regular, constant, ticking of the old-fashioned-style clock mounted up on the wall on the stern-side of the room. Shogo didn't like it, it reminded her too much of the psychotherapists' offices she was forced to go to in the two months following the Rainbow-comet incident, and her impromptu 'camping' trip that followed just a few weeks afterward during which she discovered her powers. This comparison was not helped by the fact that Admiral Whitcomb wanted to learn everything he possibly could about her.

"So" Shogo began as she reached into her leg pouch and brought out a heavily modified Swiss Army Knife, flipping it out to deploy a single nail file, "You were going to ask me about my past, right?" she finished as she began to file her nails.

"Indeed" Whitcomb commented with a raised eyebrow, completely baffled as to how the firebrand sitting across from him could file her nails when she was wearing gloves, "Quid-pro-quo: you seem to know a lot about our universe, now I think it's only fair that you tell us everything there is to know about your's, \_especially \_you. You do, after all, want me to give a good report to Lord Hood right?"

Shogo smirked; oh well, if she was going to have to have to reveal her past to this man then the least she could do is tint the UNSC's

perceptions of her world in, ah, 'green light.' She was nowhere near stupid enough to outright lie to the Admiralty when there was still a chance Tiger could pull through, telling them that the Princess was a complete blooter wasn't lying though - at least from her point of view. "Why of course, I'd be happy to tell you everything you want to know" she said in a slight Texan accent.

"Cut the act, and get straight to the facts" Whitcomb demanded in a no-nonsense tone.

"Hey this ain't no act, I really am from Texas!" Shego yelled pointing her thumb towards her chest. Her father's family had been in the Lone Star state ever since the first American immigrants arrived in the state and it greatly offended her that someone would insinuate that she was faking her heritage.

"I was talking about the showmanship, not the accent."

"Oh" Shego said, a light red tint coming to her cheeks, "Well okay then, I suppose I should start at the beginning. I was born on June 28th, 1981 . . ."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>\*\*\*\*Error! Timestamp failure, Location unknown/\*\*

"Ron."

That voice, it was familiar, like an old friend whom he had known his entire life, or a lost love that he longed to be with. Ron felt like he should know it from somewhere.

"Ron" the voice called out again, it's tone staying soft and calming.

He really felt like he should answer, but at the moment he was just content to enjoy the warm glow that was filling his body.

"Ron, wake up my love."

"Kay . . . Pee?" Ron said tentatively as he began to shake the cobwebs from his mind.

"Yes Ron, it's me" the voice was getting close, very close, almost as if it was right above him.

"Kim?" Ron asked as his eyes slowly opened, the sight that greeted him took his breath away. It was Kim, her face was just inches away from his, she had her fire red hair done up in a traditional Japanese hairstyle, the morning sunlight coming in from the nearby open window reflecting and refracting off of every atom in her face, making it so that she seemed to be glowing, "Am I dead? 'Cause I think I'm in Heaven."

A small smile spread across Kim's face at Ron's semi-serious cliché, "Well you certainly aren't in Hell."

That was true, Ron conceded, if he was in Hell then it would have been Monkey Fist or DNAm standing over him in an alluring fashion,

or Monkey Fist \_and \_DNAmy. "Eww, grochy" he shuddered as soon as the thought entered his mind.

"Let me guess: you thought about it, didn't you?" Kim asked with an amused smile.

"Yes" Ron admitted.

Kim's smile grew even wider, "Well shake it off big boy 'cause we need talk" she said seriously before standing up.

"All right" Ron said as he propped himself up on the futon he was laying on, and noticed for the first time that not only was Kim wearing a sakura-patterned kimono, but he was also dressed in a suit of bamboo armor. However, it wasn't the fact that he was wearing the armor that made him raise his eyebrows, it made sense that he'd be wearing something like that since Kim was wearing a kimono, it was the design. The under garment was a basic black gi, nothing special there, the armor plating was what caught his eye; the 'plates,' if they could be called that, were made out of an extremely tightly woven bamboo thread, arranged in such a fashion that Ron looked like some bizarre cross between a feudal-era Japanese samurai, a US Army Ranger from the late-1990s/early-2000s, and a Covenant Elite, and painted a dark olive-drab green. The armor was light too, Ron felt like he could have done a quadruple backflip summersault easily, that is, if he actually knew how to do such an acrobatic maneuver without breaking every bone in his body.

"You coming Ron?" Kim asked from near the door at the other end of the small oriental-styled room, effectively cutting off Ron's train of thought.

"Sure KP" Ron said as he got up off the floor and dashed over to where Kim was standing, "You wanted to talk to me?"

"Yes, Ron I did" the red-headed young woman stated as she slip the rice paper door open and stepped out into the hallway, "Up for a walk?"

"With you KP? Always" Ron affirmed as he followed his life-long companion out into the hall.

The two heroes said nothing after that for several long minutes - though it seemed like hours - they just silently walked through the hallways of the Japanese dojo, marveling at the beautiful well kept garden just a few feet to their right, and stealing quick glances at each other when they thought their counterpart wasn't looking.

"KP" Ron finally spoke up when they reached a medium-sized courtyard with two kendo practitioners dueling in the center, and two hooded men playing chess in the corner, they were the only people besides Kim that he'd seen so far, yet he paid them no heed - his attention totally focused on his phoenix-haired companion - "What did you want to talk to me about?"

Kim stopped in her tracks, "It's hard to explain."

"Please Kim, whatever it is I can handle it" Ron was getting worried, not much could make his best friend since Pre-K freeze up like she had.

Kim took a deep breath, collected her sensibilities, and prepared herself for what she was about to say, "Ron I never thought I'd say this, but . . . You take yourself way too seriously."

"Whaaaaaat?"

"You've been acting way too seriously for the past couple of weeks" she continued, "And . . . And it's scarring me. You used to be so care-free and full of child-like wonder, and now . . . And now you're acting like . . ."

"Acting like what KP? Please, whatever it is tell me" Ron pleaded.

Kim turned her head off to the side and down onto the floor, and mumbled something intelligible under her breath, almost as if she were ashamed of what she was saying.

"I'm sorry, my hearing must be going bad, what was that again?" Ron questioned, sticking his finger in his ear and twisting it around in an attempt to clean out any errant earwax.

"Lee Adama" Kim repeated meekly as a streak of red spread across her face.

"Kim. I know I've been using my 'serious face' a lot lately, but . . . Wait a second, Lee Adama?!" Ron exclaimed, surprise clearly evident on his face.

The blush on Kim's face deepened.

"Ooookaaaaay" Ron continued, "Ignoring your totally out of character bout of fangirlism" Kim's face rapidly turned the color of her hair at his remark, "The reason I've been acting so seriously lately is because I just wanted to protect you."

Kim's expression immediately saddened at Ron's words, "Ron, you never needed to protect me" he raised his right eyebrow at her words, "OK, sometimes I need help, but you have to admit that most of the time I can handle myself" his face took on an slightly accusing look, "Alright already! I like to live dangerously, and I attract trouble like a magnet, are you happy now?"

Ron started smiling like the cat who caught the canary.

"I'll take that as a yes" Kim smiled as her face took on the most reassuring look she could muster, "But the fact still remains that I don't want the man I love destroying who he is because he feels that he needs to protect me from the stuff I do at least twice a week, if not more."

Ron's face creased at her words, "I wasn't just hearing things back there, was I?"

"No" Kim admitted, "I've felt that way about you for a long time. I just haven't talked about it because, well, I was afraid. Afraid that if I just started pouring my feelings out all at once that . . ."

"That it would ruin our friendship" Ron finished somberly.

"Yeah" Kim affirmed, "And, I was also afraid that if we did start dating that it would only be a matter of time until you broke up with me, especially after the Moodulator incident."

Ron shifted uncomfortably at the thought of his friend's insecurities being caused by his attempt to stave off the destruction of their friendship in a flood of emotions before gathering up the courage to respond. "Kim, you know I would never do anything to hurt you. Why would you think that?" he asked soulfully.

"Well, it's just that you're this nice, upstanding, sweet, cute, good looking . . ." by this time Ron had begun to examine himself with wide eyes, wondering just what in God's great finite universe Kim saw in him, ". . . kind, caring man who any sane woman would be elated to be with, and as for me: I'm . . . I'm just the cheerleader" she finished dejectedly.

"KP" Ron said reassuringly, "I've been by your side since the day we first met all the way back on our first day of Pre-K, why would you think that I wouldn't want to be with you just because you're cheerleader? That doesn't even make sense!"

"Well, there is a stigma around cheerleaders Ron" by this time tears were freely flowing down her face, "That we think about is the 'food chain', that we won't even consider being with someone, even for a moment, unless they're a jock, that every single one of us is nothing but a stuck-up bi . . ."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa" Ron interrupted, gesticulating in a motion that clearly said for Kim to slow down, "I've been around cheerleaders a long time, and you know that I've never believed that."

"I know that, Ron, I know" Kim said as the tears in her eyes began to clear, "But I was never afraid that you would fall for that, I was afraid that I would."

"Huh?"

"Think about it, considering who I am it's only a matter of time before I do something incredibly stupid and selfish to seriously hurt you - intentionally or not."

"KP, where on Earth did you get a crazy idea like that?" Ron asked seriously as he put his left hand on Kim's right shoulder reassuringly.

"Internet" Kim answered simply.

Ron started to blink several times at what he had just heard, "KP, I'm shocked" he exclaimed, putting his right hand over his heart as he feigned disgust, "You know better then to believe everything you find on the Internet."

A pregnant pause erupted between the two friends after their string of off-topic statements for several seconds before it was once again broken by Ron. "But in all seriousness, you were never in any danger of rejection KP."



"Why, what would you have done if I had told you?" Kim asked, her voice filled with hope as she spoke.

"Oh, something along the lines of this" Ron spoke before wrapping his arms around his best friend in an uncharacteristic display of boldness, and full on kissing her on the lips in what could only have been described as a kiss that was 'so the drama.'

"Ah, booya" Kim spoke breathlessly with a slightly dazed look in her eyes a minute and a half later after their lips had finally parted.

"I really do love you Kim, I loved you for longer then I could possibly know . . . Or remember" Ron said in a loving tone as he gazed deeply into Kim's palm leaf green eyes as he held her in his arms, \_Palms \_he mused to himself, \_The ancient symbol for victory if I remember properly - fitting beyond measure for KP.\_

Kim giggled a little at her love's last moment addition to his declaration before responding in kind, "I was going to say the same thing Ron, though I'd say I started feeling this way about the time I was five."

Ron's eyes became as wide as saucers at her statement, "That long?!" he exclaimed.

"Mmmhum" Kim affirmed, "I love you too Ron."

They started to lean in for another kiss before their moment was interrupted by a voice echoing through the feudal Japanese-styled compound.

"\_Admiral Whitcomb, sir." \_the British accented female voice exclaimed.

"Ron, what's going on?" Kim asked, worry clearly evident in her voice.

"\_At ease Doctor" \_a Texan-accented voice answered back to the first, "\_So how's our guest doing?"\_

"\_Stable, sir. We put him in an artificial coma for the next few days to hopefully rest his body, though to be honest sir he's lucky to have survived his injuries at all. That he did so without any brain damage . . . Is an act of God" \_\_the first voice said in a disbelieving tone.\_

"\_I thought you were an atheist" \_\_it was more of a statement, then a question.\_

"\_I was, sir."\_

"I don't know KP, I don't know" Ron spoke before his vision was overcome by an intense light.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Timestamp fixed, location lock reestablished, connecting, please stand by/\*\*

\*\*1835 hours, July 6, 2549 (Military Calendar) / \*\*

\*\*Medical Ward 3 onboard the UNSC Vessel \*\*\*\*Basra\*\*\*\*.  
\*\*

\*\*Currently in Slipspace en-route to FLEETCOM Sector One - the Epsilon Eridani system. \*\*

Ron's right eye twitched as his mind began to un-crease itself from it's long sleep. He opened his eye only to be confronted by the blinding white light of one the fluorescent lights above his bed. Wait a second, bed? Since when was he in a bed? Did his head always hurt this much? And since when did he only have one eye?!

"You're awake" a male voice said from the right side of his bed, "Hey everybody, the new guy's up!"

"Hey, new guy!"

"About time, I thought he was just going to lay there for the entire trip."

"Doctor Chakwas! Doctor Chakwas!"

"Whoa, I can't believe he's actually alive."

"I was pretty sure he was dead."

"Get the Admiral down here now."

"You sleep well Tiger?"

"What?!" Ron jerked up, nearly ripping the IV line in arm right out as soon as he heard the last voice. It couldn't be, there was no way his luck was that bad. There was no way. He slowly turned his head to his left, his breathing becoming more and more shallow until he eventually came face to face - so to speak - with . . . "Shego!" Ron exclaimed, but wait. There was something different about her: for one, her signature green and black jumpsuit was gone, replaced with an average hospital gown, and for another she had spoken with a Texan accent, Ron had almost not recognized the voice as her.

"Yes?" she replied in a sarcastic tone from her own bed as she put down the issue of Better Fortresses and Firearms she had been reading, "Can I help you?"

Ron blinked for a moment as he tried to get his bearings before finally giving up and asking the obvious, "What happened? Why am I here?"

Shego smiled slightly, Might as well have some fun with him before the doctors come she thought slyly to herself. "Well Ron" she began in a serious tone, "Last night you showed up at one of the bars I usually frequent complaining that the Princess was being too hard on you, and I decided, for whatever reason, that I'd sit down and listen to your problems. Now by that time you were pretty hammered - which is why you probably don't remember anything - but I listened and drank with you anyways, and pretty soon one thing led to another and the next thing I know we're back at my place and engaging in a

marathon of extremely passionate love-making for the rest of the night. Oh, and by the way, I just found out that I'm now pregnant with your child, so unless y'all want to find out what the business end of my daddy's shotgun looks like I suggest that you find a ring and quick." Shego was lying through her teeth of course, she rarely drank, and as far as she knew she was still a virgin - and after seeing what kinds of sexually transmitted diseases existed she fully intended to stay that way.

Ron's eye grew as wide as a saucer and starting twitching as he stared at Shego and processed what he'd been told, completely oblivious to the other members of the Medical Ward's struggles not to laugh. "What happened to my eye?" he exclaimed as he pointed to the left side of his face.

"Oh, sorry about that. I tend to get a little frisky in bed. Don't worry though, it will all be healed up shortly" by this time Shego was just about ready to burst at the seams with laughter and was barely keeping herself together.

"All right then" Ron said sadly as tears started to roll down his face, "Time for the Ron-man to step up."

At that moment all of Shego's mental barriers dropped and both she and several of the other patients in the ward burst out in uncontrollable fits of laughter.

"What's so funny?" Ron asked in a disbelieving tone just before realization hit him like a skydiving cow on a clear summer's day. "Oh" he stated in an incredulous tone, "So that's how it is."

Shego's laughter came to an abrupt halt as soon as she saw the look upon Ron's face, it was cold, serious, unnerving. She had only seen that face two times before, but every single time it had turned her, and anybody crazy enough to look at it, blood to ice. It was Ron's 'uber-serious face,' a face that he had only used four times before in his entire life, a face that channeled all the angst, bitterness, sorrow, anger, rage, defeat, and any other negative emotion he had ever felt into one single expression. The fact that the entire left side of his face was wrapped in bandages only served to amplify the general scariness that he was projecting.

"I'm sorry" Shego whimpered softly, feeling extremely small and humiliated at that moment, "It won't ever happen again."

A smile spread across Ron's face, "That was pretty funny" he said honestly. He had never wanted to emasculate the young, beautiful, and extremely dangerous young woman, or would it be efemulate? He could never really be sure. Anyways, he had only wanted to . . . Well, I guess he was just building up for a joke. He had half expected her to just laugh his expression off. \_Man \_Ron sighed, \_Why do girls always have to be so ninja about things?\_

Shego's eyebrow raised at Tiger's statement, "What . . ." she began before being cut off by the young blond.

"So is anybody gonna tell me what really happened?" Ron asked as he looked around at the other people in the ward, completely missing Shego doing a pretty fair impression of her mother as he did so.

"Oh man" the patient who had originally addressed Ron when he first woken up said, "You mean you don't know?! Man, it's been all over the ship ever since we left Atlanta III."

"Hey genius" another patient, who was clearly marked as a member of the 101st Orbital Drop Shock Battalion by the gold comet tattoo on his bicep, said sarcastically, "He was in coma for the last week and a half, there's no way he could possibly have known about the gossip going around the ship."

"Oh, right, sorry about that sir" the first patient amended.

"Eh, no big" Ron replied, once again missing Shego's reaction, this time her rolling her eyes at his use of Kim's catchphrase.

"Well, OK then" the first patient replied, "So, you want me to tell you what happened?" he continued, completely ignoring Aurora slapping her forehead with her hand and making a 'd'oi' expression on her face.

"I think I'll handle that son" a Texan accented voice said from the entrance of the ward. At those words everyone turned to look as Rear Admiral Danforth Whitcomb entered the ward. "So" he began, addressing Stoppable and crossing his arms in a compulsive gesture, "Word is you don't seem to remember what happened down on the planet. So, is that true son?"

"Ah, I suppose" Ron said, suddenly feeling very uneasy about the way the bald salt-and-pepper mustached man was looking at him, "All I remember is some crazy dream about Shego and I winding up in a video game, being picked up by some Helljumpers and a pilot named Foehammer, and attacking some heavily modified Scarab, then, nothing" Ron continued, conveniently leaving out any mention of the extremely personal experience he'd had immediately after the first dream.

"But of course, that'd be impossible, right?" Whitcomb added, carefully judging the young man's reaction.

"Anything's possible . . ." Ron repeated with a smile, ". . . For a Possible."

Whitcomb raised his right eyebrow at the blonde's use of what he had learned from Aurora was the Possible family motto - frankly, it just sounded like pure arrogance to him. While Aurora herself just closed her eyes, stuck out her tongue, and put her index finger halfway into her open mouth in a expression that just screamed 'bleah!'

"But then again, I'm a Stoppable not a Possible" Ron continued glumly yet with a hint of great pride.

"Hmm, I'll say" Whitcomb said with a smile, "That was no dream you had son, you really did help those ODSs, you really did take down that Scarab, and you really are onboard a \_Marathon\_-class Cruiser en route to Reach!"

Ron's jaw dropped in disbelief at the man's statement.

"Oh, how rude of me, I forgot to introduce myself to y'all. My name is Rear Admiral Danforth Whitcomb."

Ron completely lost all feeling in his jaw as it went totally slack.

"I think you broke him Danny-boy" Shego said jokingly, ecstatic to actually be speaking for once and not just making various gestures and expressions with her hands and face in the background.

"Danny-boy?" several of the patients in the ward asked, shocked that someone would say that to the Admiral's face, or about him at all for that matter.

Whitcomb blinked a couple of times at everyone's surprise, "What?" he asked, somewhat sardonically, "She doesn't have nicknames for all of you too?" To be honest Whitcomb was quite surprised when Aurora had started calling him that, but once he had noticed her calling everyone that was still up and about the ship by a nickname of one sort or another he had gotten over it pretty quickly. Her getting motion sickness from Slipspace travel, however, had taken a bit longer to get used to, especially since she flat out told him, quote, 'The only way you're getting me into one of those coffins you call a cryo stasis tube is if you kill me first.'

"What's she doing here then?" Ron finally asked, pointing to Shego, after the initial shock had worn off.

"Medical reasons" Shego huffed, crossing her arms, "Apparently Doc Chakwas finds my body 'fascinating' . . . That, and I seem to puke at irregular intervals so running around the ship really isn't an option for me" she continued dejectedly, using air quotes when saying 'fascinating.'

"But why don't you just go into stasis then?" Ron said, asking the obvious.

"None of your beeswax!" Shego replied hotly.

"Okay" Ron quickly agreed, unwilling to get into an argument with the firebrand villainess that would almost certainly lead to pain and suffering in the near future. "But what about . . ." Ron began, pointing to the bandaged side of his face.

"The doctor says it will be all right within a week, and that it's a miracle you're alive at all. She flash-cloned you a new eye so you'll be see just fine, but there will be a scar there for sure. However, she was able to make some cosmetic grafts to it so it looks more like a big cut than a giant birthmark" Whitcomb spoke quickly, finishing up Stoppable's question.

"Badical!" Ron exclaimed before asking in a far more curious tone, "Next question, what happened to my clothes?"

"Oh" Whitcomb exclaimed, realization hitting him like a platypus in a snowball fight, "I forgot to tell you. All of y'all's clothing and gear has been locked up for the R&D boys, considering just how advanced that stuff is. Took long enough too, after surgery it took about half an hour for Doctor Chakwas to remove that suit of your's - kept regenerating and whatnot."

"Hehheh, ya Wade really does do good work with that kinda stuff" Ron

replied sheepishly.

"Which brings me to another . . . Miss Go, please stop making comical gestures when you think no-one's looking" Aurora abruptly stopped what she was doing, tucked her hands behind her back, and brought an innocent expression to her face before bringing her right hand around to her front and mouthing 'who, me?'

"Oh boy" Whitcomb sighed as he pinched the bridge of his nose before continuing, "As I was saying, all the functions on that PDA you brought with you except the communication function are locked, and considering what Miss Go here has told us it would be a huge intelligence windfall to have copies of the files on that device."

"The Kimmunicator?! Why do you think you'd find files you can use on that?" Ron asked nervously.

"Because despite your obvious abundance of external strength and abilities I believe that you are a man that harbors a vast inner-geekiness and who feels the need to collect large amounts of science fiction and video game trivia" Whitcomb responded as his eyes narrowed.

"I'm sorry, was there a compliment in there?" Ron asked half-sarcastically/half-curiously.

"Look, can you just give me the pass-code already?" Whitcomb asked in an exasperated tone, rolling his eyes.

"Uh sure, not like you guys aren't going to hack it anyways if I don't tell you," Ron replied, his voice losing some of it's nervousness, "The code is 7161988."

"Why'd y'all choose that code Tiger?" Shego asked rhetorically.

"It's Kim's birthday," Ron replied in a love-struck/far-off voice.

"Ugh, could be any more sappy?" Shego responded as she fell back down onto the bed, "You're like a kicked puppy, you know that?"

"I think I'll leave you two be," Whitcomb said as he turned and left to input the code into the 'Kimmunicator.'

"Oh!" Ron exclaimed as the Admiral was about to leave the ward, "I forgot to ask, what's going to happen to us?"

Whitcomb paused for a second before saying in a flat tone, "As soon as we enter the Epsilon Eridani system we'll transmit the various reports from the mission to HIGHCOM and enter orbit around Reach, after that . . . It's up to Lord Hood and the Admiralty." He elected to leave the ward at that moment, leaving the two travelers to contemplate what was going to happen to them.

"Her hair smells like strawberries, you know" Ron said with an evil grin after a few minutes.

"Ahh! I don't want to hear it!" Shego yelled as she covered her head

with her pillow.

\* \* \*

><p>AN: Okay, this was definitely my 'fun-chapter.' A break, if you will, before we get back into the drama with chapter 4. I'm allowed to have one of those in a story.

Whitcomb's standing up for Aurora, I think, is him kinda projecting a bit onto her. Maybe he sees something in her that he once saw in his own daughter. Why would he feel the need to do that? Well, maybe his daughter was killed when the Covenant came and glassed the planet she was on, it wouldn't be the first time something like that has happened, and it won't be the last time ether.

Ron's dream: Okay, now before any of you ask: yes, this sequence is based off of Baltar's delusions in Battlestar Galactica (And yes, Kim was referencing said show when she said that Ron was acting like Lee Adama). Which is to say, the versions of people there are idealized, they are basically the person's subconscious. Now, will we be seeing more of Ron's fantasy dojo? Hard to say. As you'll soon learn, not all is as it seems.

Ron's eye: Now, I know a lot of you think that I'm cheating you on this, or that Ron should have suffered a bit more, but keep in mind that this is the \_26\_\_th\_century. Medical technology has advanced significantly in the last five centuries. In fact, during \_First Strike \_Dr. Halsey replaces several of Kelly's organs while she is fully alert and \_very \_conscious, however, you might say 'well Kelly's a SPARTAN' well true, but keep in mind that Ron has his MMP so he's not completely powerless. Besides, there is the argument that after fighting the Covenant for so long that the UNSC would develop superior methods of treating burns given that the Covies use almost exclusively plasma weapons. So in the end, eh, might as well run with it.

Shego: Some (Most) of you might be thinking that Shego's OOC right about now. Well, you'd be right, but Aurora isn't. She's now in an entirely different universe with little of her old past to weigh her down, and she's going to use this opportunity to build an entirely new persona for herself, free of all the clutter and attempted murder accusations of her previous life. As far as she's concerned, there may not be a market for villains in the UNSC, but they are always in need of heroes. Besides, she \_really \_doesn't want to get shot for doing anything illegal.

The Covenant: Alright, now some of you might be thinking, why? Why didn't the Covenant glass Atlanta III outright? Why did they allow so many humans to escape? Well, if you've read the first three \_Halo \_novels then you'll have some idea of why they did that. Foreboding ain't it?

Well, the next chapter will focus entirely on Kim and the Wolfpack, and I shall begin writing it as soon as I can. However, if you want to get out faster then I suggest you leave a review, specifically one including the phrase 'get off your lazy butt and start writing!' (I also reserve the right to be cheeky too) Also, if you do leave a review make sure to point out any error, inaccuracies, and/or inconsistencies, however minor, you may find - I'm a nut when it comes to that stuff. Well, until next time . . .

\_Sic Semper Tyrannus\_

Carry on.

#### 4. Conversations and Explanations

Disclaimer: Kim Possible and all characters and concepts that appear in the show of the same name are copyright of Disney. Airwolf and all characters and concepts that appear in the show of the same name are copyright of Donald Paul Bellisario.

Acknowledgments: Will be filled out upon completion of beta testing.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Middleton, Colorado, 5:13 P.M., April 19<strong>\*\*th\*\*\*\*, 2005\*\*

Kim raised her right arm over her face in a vain attempt to shield her eyes from the wind shear as the jet-black superchopper that had dropped her off in the mountainous forest near her and Ron's homes lifted off the ground and flew away into the darkening sky. As soon as the sound of the chopper's rotors faded into the distance Kim dropped her arm and started the half-mile long walk home. This wasn't going to be easy, she mused to herself. She honestly had no idea how she was going to break the news of what happened to her parents, much less . . .

Her thoughts were interrupted by the signature four tone beeping of her Kimmunicator ring tone.

"Wade! Has there been . . ." Kim began after she had snatched up the Kimmunicator before being cut off by the person on the other end.

"\_Kimberly Anne Possible!"\_ the image of Rebecca Hana Stoppable bellowed over the comm link, tears clearly evident on her face. "\_What have you done?!"\_

"Mrs. Stoppable! I . . ." Kim tried to explain before being interrupted again by the semi-hysterical woman on the other end.

"\_I don't want to hear it Possible!"\_ Mrs. Stoppable yelled, obviously severely upset.

"\_Maybe you should lie down, dear,"\_ the voice of Donald Olmos Stoppable suggested from off-screen. Mrs. Stoppable nodded and walked off, putting the Kimmunicator Wade had given to Ron's parents on what Kim assumed was a table. The screen shifted and jiggled for a moment as the Kimmunicator on the other end was picked up before finally settling on the neutral, but clearly saddened face of Ron's father. "\_I'm sorry about that Kimberly,"\_ Mr. Stoppable said in a soft tone. "\_Rebecca's just upset. We just got the news, and she may be looking for someone to blame, but I'm sure she'll get over it soon enough â€" grief does that to people."\_

"Mr. Stoppable what happened?" Kim asked.



Mr. Stoppable shifted for moment, as if he was collecting himself. \_"A representative from Global Justice visited us a few minutes ago, he gave us the news that Ronald had died, and that you were responsible, then . . . walked off."\_

"Don't believe it Mr. Stoppable!" Kim shouted into the mic as she held the Kimmunicator just inches from her face. "It's all a pack of lies!"

Ron's father blinked a couple of times at Kim's outburst, barely taking in what she had said.

"Please, Mr. Stoppable," Kim continued in a far softer and pleading voice then she had before. "Just give me a chance to explain what's really going on."

"\_Alright Kimberly,"\_ Mr. Stoppable assured her. \_"Just come on over and we'll talk things out. You were Ronald's best friend, it wouldn't be right to do otherwise."\_

"I still am Mr. Stoppable, and don't worry, I'll explain everything when I get over there."

"\_I'm sure you will Kimberly,"\_ Mr. Stoppable said simply before cutting the connection.

Kim sighed as her head dropped and her hands fell to her sides. \_Well it could be worse\_, she silently mused to herself as she slipped the Kimmunicator into it's pouch. \_They could be trying to sue me\_, she finished as she took off into a sprint towards the Stoppable household.

\* \* \*

><p>Kim arrived at the fence that stood around the Stoppable's back yard a few minutes later, easily hopping over the six foot white picket palisade, and walking towards the modest home. At least, that's what she would have done had it not been for her being overcome by a wave of nostalgia. She stopped dead in her tracks, and, rotating on the ball of her left foot, pivoted around nearly 180 degrees, before marching off towards the tree house at the opposite end of the yard, and ascending the wooden ladder once she arrived at the base of the tree.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Donald quirked an odd kind of smile at the sight of his son's best friend climbing their old tree house in his family's back yard. It was interesting to see Kimberly choose to reminisce about being with Ronald and the good times they shared together rather than defend her own honor. It said something about her character and the person that she was, what that entailed however, he wasn't sure.<p>

"I really lost it back there, didn't I, Don?" Rebecca asked from her husband's right side.

"Kimberly didn't deserve such a brow beating," Don replied. "Even if what the GJ agent said is true, she's was still Ronald's best friend

since they were barely old enough to go to school, and she deserves the benefit of the doubt. In fact, in all likely hood she's probably tearing herself apart right now over what ever happened."

"You really know how to lay it on thick, don't you?"

"Don't fret Becky, I probably would have done the same thing if I was in your position," Don said sweetly, wrapping his arm around her waist.

"You mean if you were the mommy instead of the daddy?" Becky remarked coyly.

"Errrrrrrr . . . yes," Don affirmed in an embarrassed tone.

"Hmm, you know, if you're the mommy then I guess that makes me the daddy," Becky presupposed as an evil smile spread across her features and she wrapped her own arm around her blond-haired husband, before she leaned over so that her mouth was just an inch or two away from her husband's ear. "You know, I always wondered what it would be like to be the pitcher instead of the catcher." she whispered in a husky fashion.

"Okay!" Don exclaimed as he backed up a couple of steps, effectively slipping out of the dirty blond-haired woman's grasp, before walking off.

\_I love him dearly, but man-o-man is he easy\_, Becky thought with a smile as she walked after Don.

Kim smiled slightly at the sight of the old tree house interior. It was small, with only enough room for a couch, two sidetables on ether end of the couch, and various pictures, posters, and nick-nacks scattered around the room, but it was still nice, still home. OK, so not home exactly, but it was close enough.

"Oh, Ron," Kim whined to herself as she sat down on the couch. "Where are you?"

\* \* \*

><p>"<em>I'm up here KP," Ron yelled from the top of the treehouse.</em>

"\_What are you doing up there?" Kim called back to him from the base of the tree as she looked up at her best friend. He looked back down at her through the treehouse's entrance in it's bottom. \_

"\_What's it look like I'm doing?" he asked honestly " the only way he could ask.\_

"\_It looks like you're just hanging around up there until I come up," she responded.\_

"\_What? Oh, no . . . Naw. I got Rufus up here too," he stammered.

\_

"\_Hnk, Hi!" the little pink ball of flesh exclaimed as he poked into view while holding a nacho chip. \_

\_The twelve year old heroine shook her head at the display. "So can I come up already?" she half-asked/half-demanded. \_

"\_Of course you can KP, come on up!" Ron responded, waving his hand in the appropriate motion. His friend nodded before she started climbing up the ladder.\_

—

\* \* \*

>A smile spread across Kim's face as she got up from the couch and walked over to a picture of Ron and her when they were eight.<p><p>

\* \* \*

><p>"<em>I'm telling you, Kim, there's something up with this place," Ron repeated as he looked around the inside of the treehouse.<em>

"\_For the last time, Ron, the treehouse is not a TARDIS," Kim bluntly reminded the blond-haired boy from her side of the couch.

—

"\_How do we know, Kim? How do we know?" Ron asked as he got up from the couch. "I mean, have you ever noticed how it's bigger on the inside than it is on the outside?"\_

\_Kim raised an eyebrow for a second at her friend's statement. "Ron," she said calmly, "we've been over this. I measured it, and did the math myself. The treehouse is exactly the right size."\_

"\_I'd like to see that math," he pouted slightly.\_

\_Kim rolled her eyes as she too got up from the couch. "Besides, Ron," she reminded her best friend of a little under 5 years, "if it was a TARDIS don't you think there'd also be a Time Lord nearby too?"\_

"\_Huh, I guess you're right," he conceded as he dropped his head to look at the floor. \_

\_A moment latter Ron raised his head to reveal large hopeful pupils. Kim's own eyes shot open to an equal size as soon as she saw her friend's. In an instant they both dived across the small room and landed on the end of the couch opposite to themselves. They both stumbled over eachother's hands for a couple of seconds before Kim was finally able to get a grip and pull out the medium-sized medical kit they always kept in the treehouse. She quickly brought it around to sit in the space on the couch between her and Ron — who had moved to the other side. Ron snapped the med-kit open and brought out one of the stethoscopes inside, Kim quickly followed with the other stethoscope. They immediately put the instruments on and pressed the cold metal disks at the ends to eachother's chest, listening carefully to the beating of their hearts before switching their focus to the opposite sides of their chests. Both Kim and Ron's faces dropped after a few seconds, and Kim pulled away before mournfully shaking her head. \_

"\_Ah man," Ron whined as he too pulled his stethoscope away.\_

—

\* \* \*

>Kim chuckled slightly at the memory. Ron's parents had always been major <em>Doctor Who</em> fans, even to the point that they had even gone and gotten cable so that they could watch the new episodes on the BBC, so it was only natural that some of the show would rub off on the two young friends considering just how much time they had spent at the Stoppables in their younger years. And even though Kim was never into sci-fi even she had admit that the show had a certain charm about it, she had even mentioned to Ron once that if he wasn't careful he would end up acting just like The Doctor, not that she minded much, after all, she had had a bit of a crush on Tom Baker in her younger years.

Ron's parents! That thought brought Kim slamming out of her haze of nostalgia. She still had to talk to Ron's parents! Oh man, that was \_not\_ going to be a pleasant conversation, and the fact that she had blatantly wasted time instead of talking to them probably wouldn't help her 'sitch one bit ether.

Kim hurried over to the hole in the floor that served as the entrance/exit to treehouse and began scurrying down the ladder as fast as possible, at one point going down two planks at a time. She jumped the last two feet and hit the ground with a thud. The red-headed heroine then sprinted as fast as she could over to the back entrance, coming to an abrupt halt a few inches from the door, opening both the outer screen door and the inner wood door as quietly as possible, and slinking into the house. All in all, the series of semi-spastic movements had only taken a few seconds to complete, and left Kim feeling . . . rather weird. But it didn't deter her from what she was about to do, mainly, trying to convince Mr. and Mrs. Stoppable that their son may still be alive, and that they \_shouldn't\_ skin her alive and feed her carcass to a plesiosaur.

Kim shook the thought from her head as she stepped through the Stoppable's back foyer. It wouldn't do her any good to imagine all the different ways that the Stoppables could kill her.

"Kimberly," she heard Ron's father speak from the living room.

Kim sighed, despite how good her sneaking skills were she never could get past ether her or Ron's parents. "Yes, sir," she acknowledged as soon as she entered the living room.

"Have a seat, Kimberly," Donald ordered as he gestured to the down recliner opposite the couch where him and his wife were sitting. Kim immediately did as she was told, feeling very sheepish under the twin gazes of the Stoppable parents.

"So, tell us dear, what happened?" Becky asked as politely as she could, though it was obvious she was quite upset.

As soon as she had spoken those words Kim immediately went into a rapid-fire description of everything that happened on the mission, being extra sure to leave out any details about Mr. Santini and Mr. Hawke in it. By the end of her story the Stoppables had resigned

themselves to the expected outcome, which was to say that Mr. Stoppable was starring a Kim with his mouth agape and Mrs. Stoppable was passed out on the couch.

"So . . ." Kim began after few seconds of awkward silence, "I should probably get going now, right?" Mr. Stoppable simply shook his head, as if clearing his mind.

"No Kimberly, you still have to go and talk to Rufus."

"Rufus?" Kim questioned, remembering that the mole rat had been sick with his species' version of the common cold for the last couple of days.

"Yes, Rufus," he repeated, getting off the couch as he did so. "Look . . . Kimberly," he began, "I think it would be best to keep this between our two families. If we act like Ron is really dead . . ."

"He's not dead!" Kim interrupted.

"I know, but if we act like he is then maybe we can get GJ to not pay us any heed. Now, part of this deception is that we need to carry out Ron's will and hold a memorial for him, that's gonna be hard but it will buy us time until we can find way " and believe me we will find a way " to bring him back. We'll figure the rest out once we get will back, but for now we should just concentrate on playing our parts."

Kim seem to mull it over for a few moments, considering her options. "Ron has a will?" she finally said.

"Indeed he does. He started working one a few months ago. Said something about the odds of him dying while walking down the street increasing exponentially every week, or something to that effect, to be honest I think he was just being neurotic, but I have to admit that in retrospect it was a very good idea," Don mused, stroking his chin.

"Yeah, Ron's great at doing things like that," Kim said softly as she rubbed her arm.

A dead silence came over the room as Kim realized what she'd just said.

"Soooo . . ." she began, "Rufus?"

"Ah yes," Don said, coming back to the land of the living, "Ron left it in his will that should anything ever happen to him that Rufus would be left in your care."

"But what if I was hurt or killed at the same time he was?" Kim asked.

Don raised his finger and opened his mouth, as though he was about to offer a rebuttal, before retracting his hand and closing his mouth. "I guess he never thought of that."

Kim had to chuckle at that. Leave it to Ron to think that far ahead and forget the obvious. "So, I guess I should go and talk to Rufus

then?"

Don nodded. "Yes, go fill him in on what's happened, just do it softly, the little guy's sick enough as it is."

Kim simply acknowledged this and began walking up the stairs, barely noticing as she open the door to Ron's room that Mr. Stoppable had gotten on the phone with someone named Micheal. She quickly opened the door and turned around to close it slowly, never noticing that the pink blob of flesh hidden under several layers of covers in the makeshift bed at the opposite end of the room was awake.

"Hnk, come closer," the blob squeaked out in a sickly voice.

"Rufus!" Kim exclaimed, twirling around to face the highly intelligent sand puppy. "How's my favorite naked mole rat buddy?" Kim asked, trying desperately not to let her best non-human friend notice how uncomfortable she was about being around him in his current state.

Rufus simply raised his right front paw and gestured for her to come closer.

"Uh, Rufus, I have something to tell you, and before I do you have to promise me that you'll stay calm, I really don't want anything untold to happen to you from shock." Kim said after she had gone and sat down on Ron's bed, next to the nightstand where Rufus' bed was.

Rufus just blew her off with a wave of his paw and one of his signature little mole rat raspberries. "Hnk, hit me."

"Ron . . . Ron had an accident," Kim said, trying to be as diplomatic as possible.

Rufus' eyes widened ever so slightly, as though expecting the other shoe to drop. He didn't see what the big deal was to a certain extent. After all, his human was always having accidents â€" tripping on sidewalk, dropping his pencil in math class, getting his pants sucked into one of the turbofan engines of a moving C-5A Galaxy at 50,000 feet, you know, kidsstuff â€" why, just the other week he slipped on a banana peel that someone had carelessly left on the floor and crashed into Bonnie after flying several feet up into the air.

"He . . . He got into a fight with Shego, and during the fight . . . something must have happened, and now he's probably trapped in some alternate universe and we have no way to get him back."

Kim looked down as soon as she had finished her statement to see that Rufus' eyes had widened to the size of quarters and that he was just starring blankly ahead.

"But we'll figure something out!" Kim quickly amended in a desperate attempt to calm the mole rat's nerves. Luckily, it seemed to work and Rufus relaxed little, gasping for air as he did so.

"Rufus, breath!" Kim shouted.

The pink pound of flesh quickly got himself under control and just started staring at Kim like she'd lost her mind.

". . . Sorry, things have been a bit rough of late," Kim apologized, gripping her left upper arm with her right hand, as though ashamed of her actions.

"Hnk, it's all right," Rufus squeaked as reassuringly as he could.

"No, it's not," Kim admitted as she set her elbows to rest on her knees and her chin in her palms. "I'm supposed to be in command here, I'm supposed to keep everything in order, and the last few days I've been letting everything overtake me like some doped up teeny-bopper."

The logic-defying rodent in front of her cooed slightly, as though he was confused by her statement.

"You're right; I shouldn't have let my own insecurities get the better of me, but I have to put all that aside and focus on finding a way to help Ron. After all, I'm a Possible, I can do anything!" Kim exclaimed as she jumped off the bed. "Thanks Rufus, you're amazing," she said, kissing the surprised little mole rat lightly on the top of his head before bounding out of the room.

"No problem," Rufus squeaked in stunned tone to the now empty room.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Possible Family residence, 2:26 A.M., the next day.<strong>

Anne awoke that morning to the sound of her stomach rumbling.

\_Damn\_, she thought to herself as her stomach protested once again. \_I knew I should have eaten more for dinner\_. She gracefully slid her legs onto the floor, being careful not to wake up her husband, and got out of bed.

Opening the door to the hallway and stepping out into it she was surprised to find the kitchen lights on. \_That's odd\_, she mused, stopping dead in her tracks, \_nobody should be up right now\_. Anne momentarily cursed herself for not having the foresight to bring her M1911A1 with her as her mind flashed through what her daughter and Wade had told her. \_Relax Anne, Wade's got this place wired, he wouldn't let some GJ agent just wander in here\_, the neurosurgeon reassured herself as she continued to sneak towards the kitchen before freezing up once again. If she had gone in there with a gun and Kimmie was there it would have traumatized her, not so much to be around a gun â€" she and James had been sure to teach their children proper care and handling of firearms from an early age, \_especially\_ the twins â€" but to see \_her\_ carrying a gun. The thought that they might not be safe, even in their own home, was very disorienting for all of them. She still remembered the way her children felt on 9/11, and she was determined never to let them experience that again. But, putting the theatrics aside, she really did need to talk to her daughter.

"Mom," Kim said from the kitchen. "If that's you then you can come in, if not then \*\*beat it Tweebs\*\*!"

"I'm surprised you were able to figure out it was me," Anne commented as she walked out into the kitchen.

"Would you believe I just guessed, and that I was paranoid?" Kim admitted as her mother walked over to the fridge and got out some "Tropicana" orange juice.

"Yes," Anne replied with a smile as she poured herself a glass of the citrus based fluid before moving over to the table where her daughter was sitting. "Now, tell me," she began after she had taken a seat. "Why are you up so late?"

Kim looked down at the table for a second, gripping the glass of water she had gotten just a few minutes before slightly tighter. "Promise not to tell anyone?" she asked, looking up with pleading, pathetic, anime-like eyes that seemed to wither away all malice.

"Doctor-patient confidentiality Kimmie; I won't tell a soul," Anne answered reassuringly, completely ignoring the way her daughter was looking at her.

"OK then . . ." the erstwhile crime-fighter began, somewhat nervously. "I had a dream, at least I think it was a dream.

"Yes, go on," the blue-eyed woman many would consider an MILF, but never would say for fear of getting beaten to a bloody pulp, encouraged before taking another sip of her orange juice.

"And it left a little uneasy, obviously," Kim continued, noticing for the first time that her mother was wearing her favorite pair of pajamas â€" which just happened to feature the \_Ghost in the Shell\_ logo and many Japanese writing characters.

"How so?" Anne asked, getting curious.

"Ron was there, and everything was all Japanese â€" even our clothes â€" and I let slip my \_Battlestar Galactica\_ fandom . . ." her mother's right eyebrow shot up at this as she continued to describe in intimate detail her 'dream' for the next few minutes. "And then everything faded to white, and I woke up."

"Well," Anne began after her daughter had finished the several page long authorial description of her dream, "it sounds to me like you've got some deep psychological issues going there."

"Like what?" Kim asked, somewhat incredulously.

"Like you still not admitting that you have feelings for a certain blond-haired best friend . . ."

"Mom!" Kim hissed under her breath in an embarrassed tone, a tint of red coming to her face. "That's Ron you're talking about."

"I know," Anne replied cheekily. "But moving away from your case of Cartwright's Curse for awhile â€" don't worry, we'll talk latter



about it " how are you holding up, or better yet, how are you going to hold up?"

Kim looked stunned/thoughtful for a few seconds, as if processing what she'd been asked, before finally saying something. "I don't know. I honestly just don't know. I mean, I think I'm over the shock of it all, but instead of weeping, and crying, and morning, I feel . . . nothing. Absolutely nothing. Just numbness. Like my whole world has gone into Bullet Time, and I'm just moving along through a utterly silent haze."

Anne just starred down at her mug, contemplating what to do, and decided to let it drop, give her daughter time to focus her, come to terms with Ron being missing " she still couldn't understand why she wasn't more up in arms about it. So she just finished up her mug, told her daughter to get some rest, kissed her on the forehead with a slight hug, and headed up for bed, her mind briefly flashing to her wonderings about what Solid State Society would be like as she did so.

Kim sighed after her mother left to go upstairs. She had been half lying of course when she rambled on about her inner condition. She wholly and truly missed Ron, all she really wanted to do at that moment was hold him tight and cry on his shoulder while he told her that everything was going to be all right, but that was impossible at that moment in time, so she just decided to make like Britain and keep a stiff upper lip. "Heh," she said to herself, beginning her best impersonation of a certain enigmatic video game character. "Time, Ms. Possible? Is it really that time again? It seems as though you've only just arrived. You've done a great deal in a small time span."

Tomorrow, today, was another day, so Kim decided to make the best of it and get some rest. Not that it mattered after all, what were the chances of yet another monkey wrench being thrown into her life?

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Author's Note:<strong> Ahhh, hi guys. How's it goin'? Sorry about the long wait. I know a lot of you (especially Whisper from the Shadows) have been waiting a long time for this chapter to come out. And here's something interesting, I actually had this chapter sitting on my hard-drive for the past few months because I wanted to make it bigger, but actually I ended up just cutting it short . . . DON'T HURT ME! So yeah, once again, I apologize for the lateness, and I'll try to get the next chapter out soon, but I really can't make any promises . . . ever.

However, I am part-way finished with a short story tie-in with Fireand'chutes777's Osama's Last Stand universe called Ghosts. So, be on the look out for that in the . . . oh, I don't know, next couple of years.

End  
file.